The NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX MAY, 1908 No. 5

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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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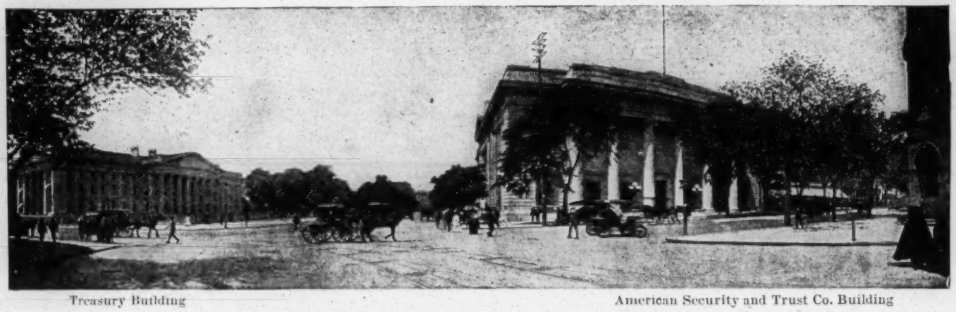

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VOL. XIX, No. 5 WASHINGTON MAY, 1908

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Visit to Picturesque Dalmatia, Montenegro and Bosnia

BY MARIAN CRUGER COFFIN

With photographs by the author

THE Dalmatian coast deserves its reputation for picturesque beauty. The great limestone mountains—practically bare of vegetation and culminating in peaks over 5,000 feet high, descend to the sea in an almost unbroken line, while a continual fringe of islands forms a buffer between the coast and the Adriatic from Fiume to where the Bocche di Cattaro lies like a giant starfish spread out upon the land, cutting deep into the mountains with its great tentacles.

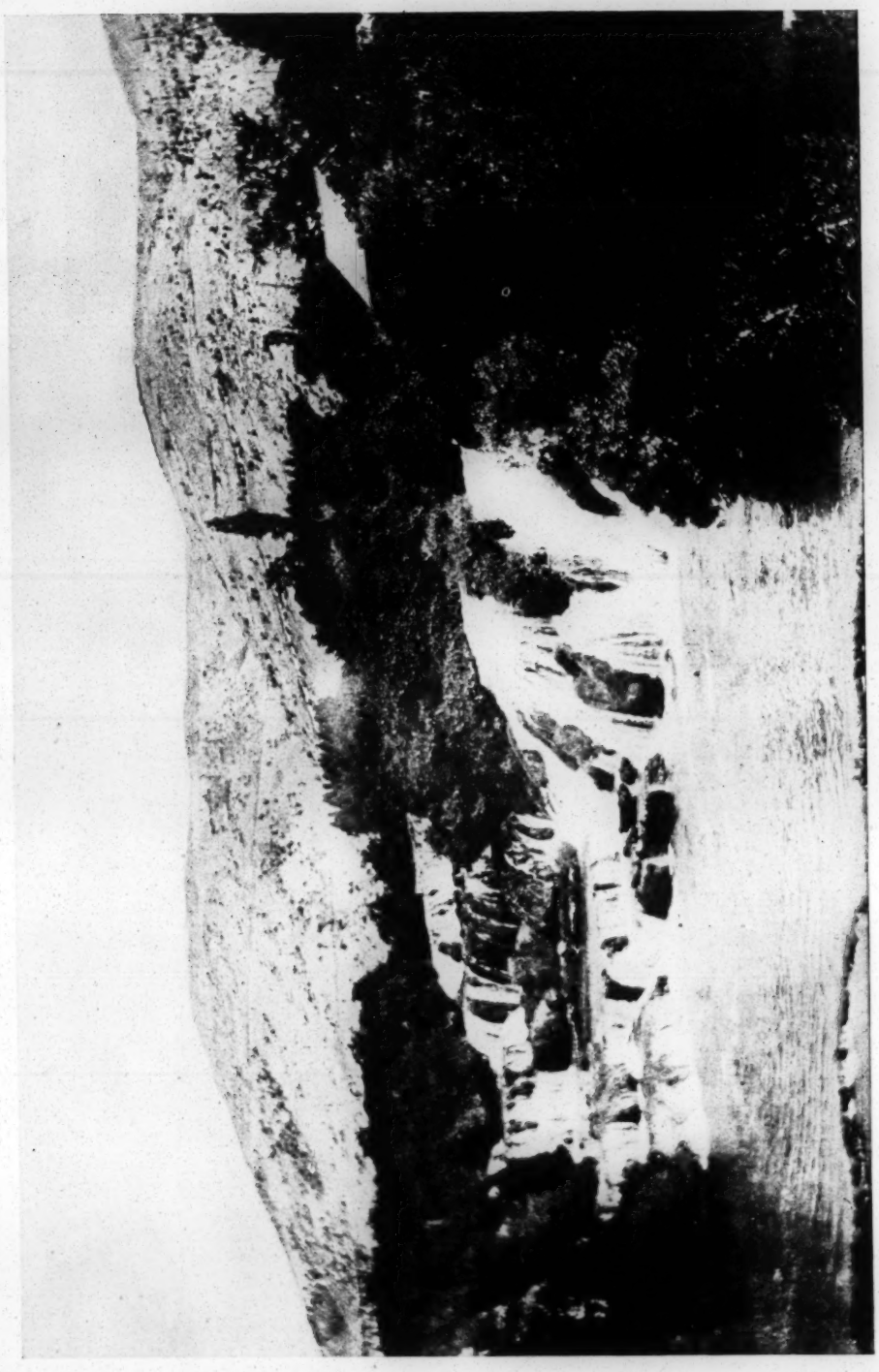
The fertile rivieras lie in nooks of the coast, sheltered from the fierce "Bora," "the wind of death," which in winter sweeps down from the mountain gorges with terrific force; these are practically the only cultivated lands in this desert country. The contrast between the island-studded sea, the rugged mountains, and the semi-tropical vegetation combined with old-world architecture of the cities affords a picture not easily forgotten.

The interior is wild, lonely, and impressive, and so barren and uninviting that except for the Falls of the Kerka it is seldom visited by the traveler. Beautiful in the extreme, the falls, or rather cascades, gain an added interest from their source being one of those underground rivers not uncommon in this part of Europe. The Kerka rises to the surface of the ground in the form of a blue-green lake, surrounded by verdure, the life and color appearing like a miracle in the midst of the desolate hills.

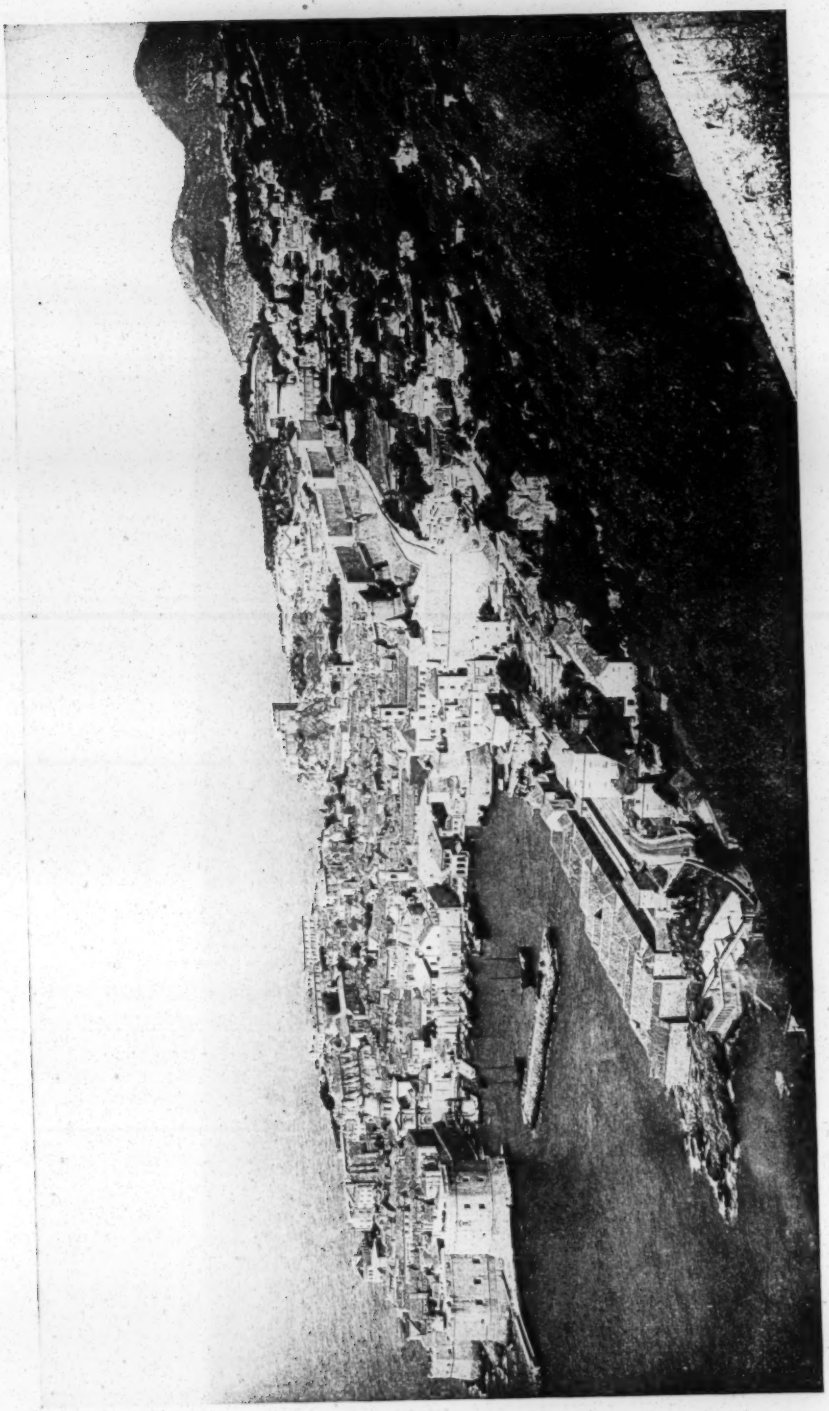
The towns of the coast are distinctive and have each their special points of interest as well as architectural beauty. Zara and Sebenico have fine Duomos, Spalato and Salona are famous for their Roman remains, and indeed much of Spalato is built within the walls of Diocletian's palace, while at Trau and Ragusa are admirable examples of medieval architecture, dating from the occupation or influence of Venice.

RAGUSA

Ragusa is easily queen of the Dalmatian cities. None can compare with her in beauty of site or architectural and historical interest. She has stood for centuries a sister republic to Venice, a bulwark in Europe against the Turk, a wise



FALLS OF THE KERKA, DALMATIA



RAGUSA, QUEEN OF DALMATIAN CITIES

and prosperous state. The great walls still inclose the town and are practically intact. They form a striking contrast to the architectural delicacy of the public buildings and palaces which rise on the steeply terraced streets, for the town is built on a narrow peninsula between the mountains and the sea. On Sundays, when the peasants from Canalle come in for church and the smart Austrian officers promenade about, the gay little city presents an almost opera bouffe aspect, with the medieval setting and the brilliant crowds flashing with color and military pomp.

The environs are most lovely, the wealth of figs, aloes, cypresses, and every sort of semi-tropical and rock-blooming plant making the surrounding country a veritable garden in spring and early summer. Lacroma and the other neighboring islands seem fairy isles, too exquisite for human habitation, but about the former hang sad memories of Prince Rudolph and Emperor Maximillian and legendary ones of Richard Coeur de Lion, for the old monastery was once a favorite resort of royalty, but has since been restored to its former uses.

The morlaks or peasants are a sturdy, independent race, mostly of Slav extraction, and distinctly well to do, especially about Spalato and Ragusa, where the soil is fertile and the crops large.

QUAINT COSTUMES IN DALMATIA

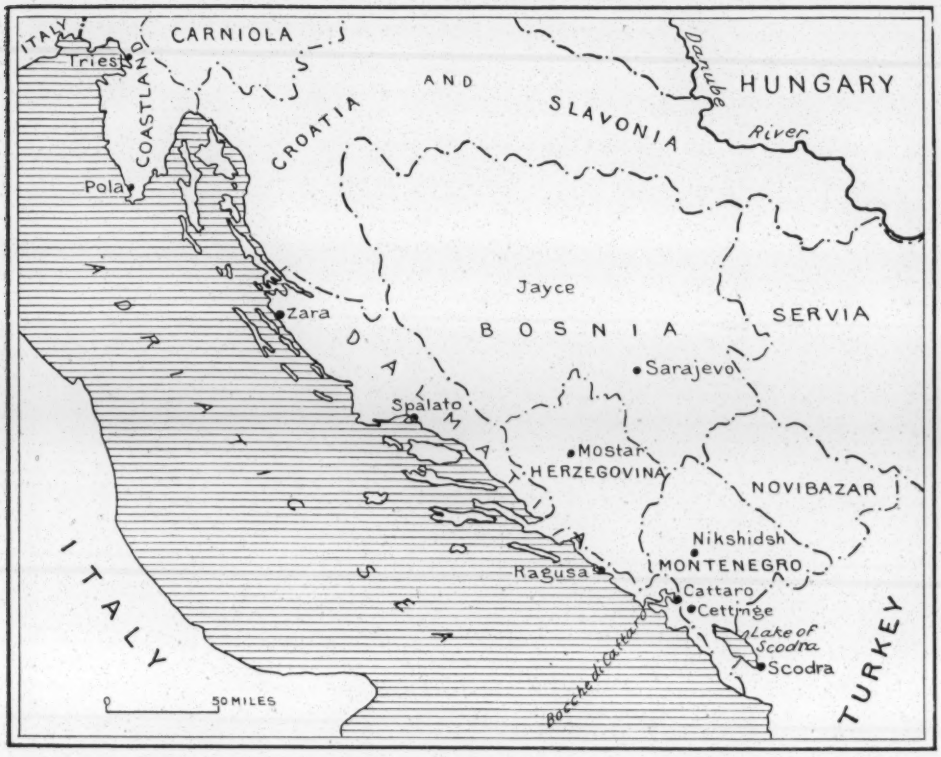
The tiny Dalmatian cap of scarlet cloth, half embroidered in black with a black tassel, is worn by the men the entire length of the coast, while no inhabitant of the Peninsula is seen without the useful bag slung over one shoulder, of woven carpet material, embroidered linen, or leather studded with nails. It serves all purposes—a cradle for the baby, a wardrobe for the family clothes, a larder for the provisions, as well as a convenient receptacle for little pigs going to market! Except for these common features the costumes vary in every district. At Zara may be seen the striking sleeveless scarlet vest ornamented with silver buttons, while about Sebenico the men affect a curious waistcoat and jacket of brown homespun, piped and trimmed with woolen fringe of bright magenta color.

In the country the women wear a heavy apron of carpet material heavily fringed and are seldom seen without a distaff in their hands as they ride or walk to market. Those from Canalle are noted for their charming costumes of embroidered linen, and they with their men folk were the only people we saw in the Balkans with adequate head covering, the wide, stiff fluted handkerchiefs of the women and the straw hats of the men protecting them from the sun. In summer the heat and glare in these shadeless lands is intense, but a handkerchief or a stiff brimless cap seems the fashion, while for dress occasions both sexes will pile one homespun garment over another, for in the Near East the more you wear the finer you are!

AN UNCONQUERED RACE

But if the people and the scenery of Dalmatia are interesting, those of Montenegro are infinitely more so. A land of mountains, apparently without valleys, and almost destitute of vegetation, Montenegro seems to have emerged out of a chaos of the gods to be primeval rib of the world. And, in keeping with the country, is the proud and independent character of this race, who have retreated step by step before the Turk from the fat lands they once held, preferring freedom in their rocky fastnesses to soft living under the yoke of Islam. And it must be remembered to their everlasting credit that they not only remained free when the other Slav peoples as well as the Greek, Albanian, and Bulgar fell before the power of the Turk, but that they maintained their independence when all Europe, to the gates of Vienna, trembled before the hosts of the Crescent.

Disembarking at Cattaro (lying baking in the August sun) after a wonderful sail through the tortuous Bocche di Cattaro or "mouths of Cattaro," we took the waiting carriage and started on the

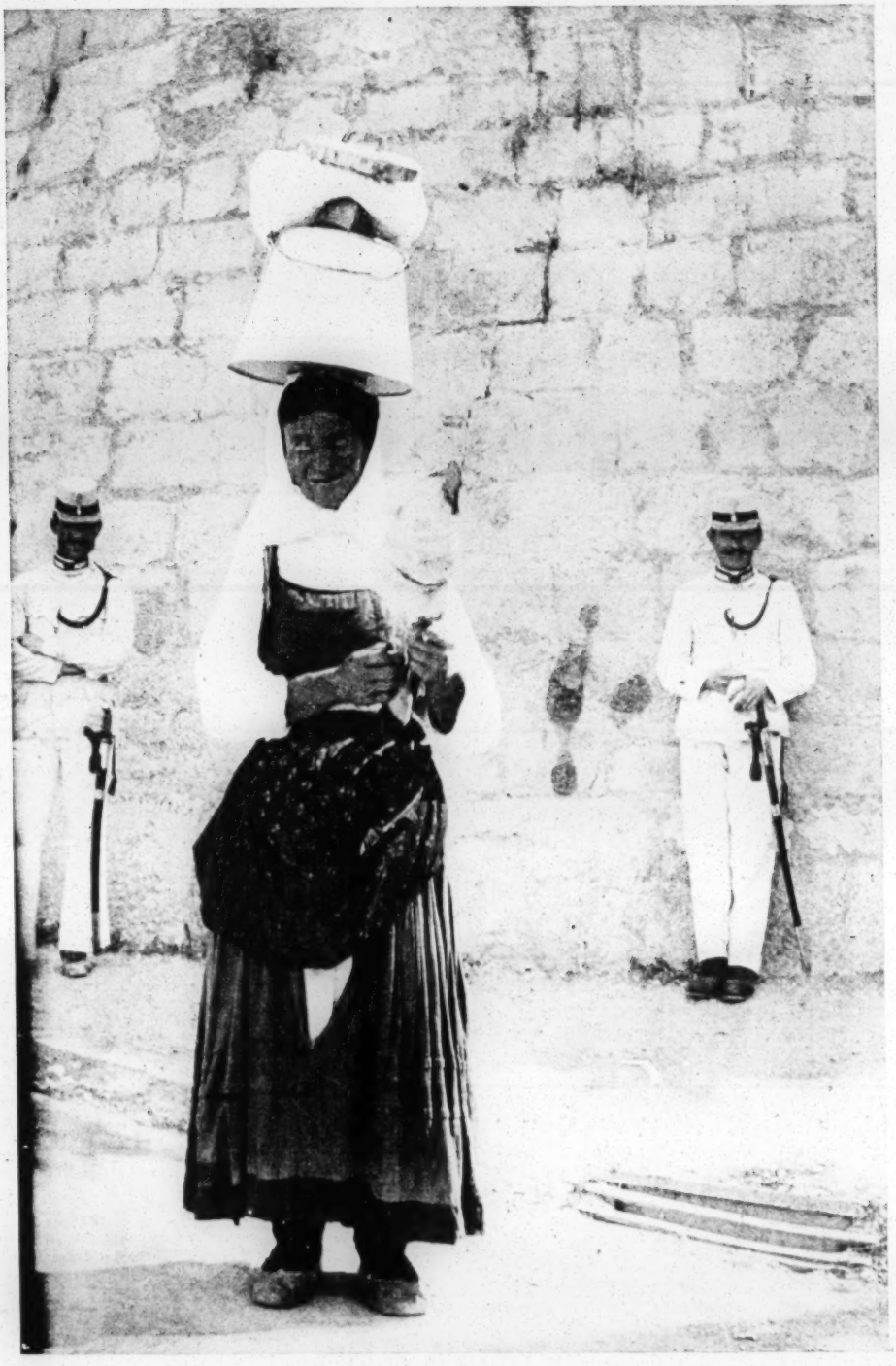


SKETCH MAP OF EAST COAST OF ADRIATIC SEA

climb up the mountain wall to Montenegro or the "Black Mountain." Cattaro is the natural port for Montenegro, but is jealously guarded by Austria, and it was not until we had ascended for more than an hour that we came to the striped black and yellow post that marks the boundary. Our driver stopped to water the horses, to collect his revolver (left at a wayside hut, as it is forbidden to carry weapons over the border), and pointed to his native crags above, saying proudly, "Crnagora." We turned for a last look at the superb view spread out below us, the sea shimmering in the distance, and at our feet the land-locked Bocche guarded by the mighty Orjen and the peaks of Herzogovina to the north and west.

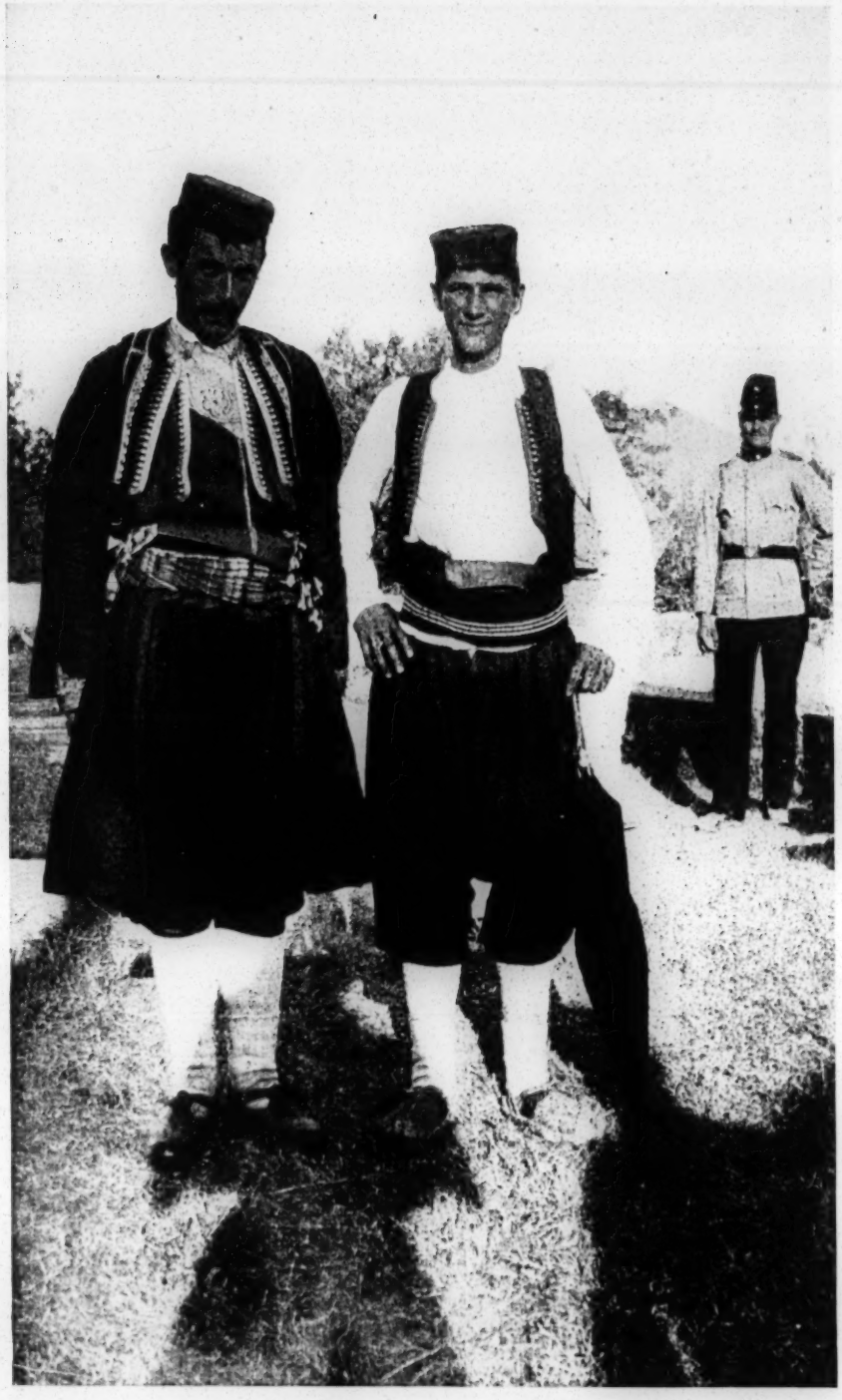
We reached Njegus by the waning light. This our first Montenegrin town was the birthplace of the prince, and is a village with one wide street and small, low stone houses. Wherever there is sufficient space little patches of vegetables are cultivated in a series of stone terraces, built to keep the precious soil from being swept away by the heavy rains. These little garden plats give a curiously checker-board aspect to the valleys and hillsides in contrast to the wastes of rocks above.

From Njegus we climbed steadily up through the same dreary crags, even more solitary and impressive in the moonlight, and reached the top of the pass (3,500 feet), from which Cettinje can be seen in the daylight. Scarce a trace of habi-



PEASANT CARDING, DALMATIA

WOMEN NEAR SPALATO, DALMATIA
Note the heavy brocaded apron (see page 312)



TWO BEAUX IN "THE BOCCHE"

TU ZARA, DALMATIA

A WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN, INTERIOR DALMATIA

tation was to be seen. We stopped to water the horses at a wayside hut, wild young girls shyly waited on us, then passed a solitary dwelling and heard the minor wail of the one-stringed gusle (the national musical instrument) and a strong bass voice singing one of the old ballads, probably about the Tzar Lazar and the field of Kosovo, or possibly of the doings of the singer's own immediate forefathers in a border fray against the hated Albanians.

THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO

The Europe we know is left far behind. We drop suddenly from the complexities of modern life into the peace and simplicity of the patriarchal system, still in force in this strange little state where east and west meet so subtly. Here a man's life is of small account, but he will hold his honor above all earthly price, while the ambition of every boy is to be a warrior and rival the deeds of the heroes of old.

Twenty years ago Cettinje was a collection of hovels. Now it is a clean, neat little town with wide streets and low stone houses roofed with red tile. There are no attempts at architectural decoration—all is plain and bare and seems to have sprung from the very soil of the mountain-locked plain. It has been called a kindergarten capital, and though but a village in size, conducts itself with the importance befitting the center of the country. It boasts a theater and the Prince's very modest palace, while the large, pretentious embassies of Austria and Russia guard opposite ends of the town like two great bloodhounds waiting to pounce on their prey.

Sights, in the strict sense of the word, there are none, but one may entertain oneself by bargaining in the market with the handsome girls for colored strips of embroidery with which they trim their blouses, chatting with some one who has a word or two of German or Italian, admiring the medals of the older men gained in the last war with the Turks (proudly shown off by the younger men, the wearers modestly deprecating their own glory), taking a friendly cup of coffee with the tailor who is making one a national costume, or waiting for a glimpse of some member of the royal family to pass by, possibly the Prince himself.

But the amusement of all others that never palled on us was watching this handsome race airing their finery in the open streets of Cettinje. The national costume seems designed to show off the grace and dignity inherent in even the humblest Montenegrin—crimson and gold sparkle in the sunshine, in dazzling contrast to the somber tints of the encircling mountains, real gold, too, which is elaborately worked in the garment by hand. From the royal family down, the men wear a long, wide-skirted coat of light grey, white, robin's egg blue, or dark green cloth, embroidered in gold, or dark red, open wide in front over a crimson waistcoat heavily decorated in gold, and confined about the waist by a broad sash of plaid silk. The belt is stuck full of weapons, knives, pistols, etc., for our friend considers his toilette incomplete without such accessories, and indeed one's eyes become so accustomed to seeing every man a walking arsenal that on returning to work-a-day Europe people look strangely undressed! Dark blue breeches, baggy to the knee, with the leg either incased in white homespun and low string shoes on the feet, this is thoroughly characteristic, or if the wearer be a bit of a dandy a pair of high black riding boots will be worn instead; a cane for dress occasions and the cocky stiff-brimmed cap complete the costume.

A tale hangs by the cap. The Montenegrins are a conservative people and, like all the Serbs of the Balkans, look back to the days of the great Servian Empire when the Slavs held most of the Peninsula. The highest point of glory was reached under Stephen Dushan, 1337-1356, who planned to keep the Turk out of Europe, but who unfortunately died at the height of his career. In 1389 the different Slav peoples made their last

united stand under Tzar Lazar Gubljanovich on the plain of Kosovo. The day was at first with Tsar Lazar, but, as usual in the Peninsula, jealousies prevented a concerted action and he was betrayed by his son in law, Vuk Brankovich, who coveted the crown. He deserted to the enemy with 12,000 followers, a frightful slaughter ensued, and the Balkans fell to the invader. This fateful 15th of June is a day of mourning throughout Serb lands and the Montenegrin cap is worn in commemoration—the black is for mourning, and the red-centered crown for the blood shed on the field of Kosovo. A semicircle of gilt braid encloses the Prince's initials H. I., the circle typifying the rainbow of hope that the Turk will be driven from Europe and the great Servian Empire again established.

A PROUD AND HANDSOME RACE

The dress of the women is not so gaudy as that of the men, though very graceful. Like their brothers, they wear the national cap without the gold braid, the married women being distinguished by a black lace veil falling behind. The hair is parted and the mass of heavy braids forms a coronet for the well-carried heads. They wear a soft, silky blouse with open sleeves and trimmed with strips of delicate embroidery, a band of which forms the low collar, then a red or black velveteen bolero heavily braided in gold, and over all a semi-fitting, open, sleeveless coat reaching to the knees of the same delicate shades as worn by the men.

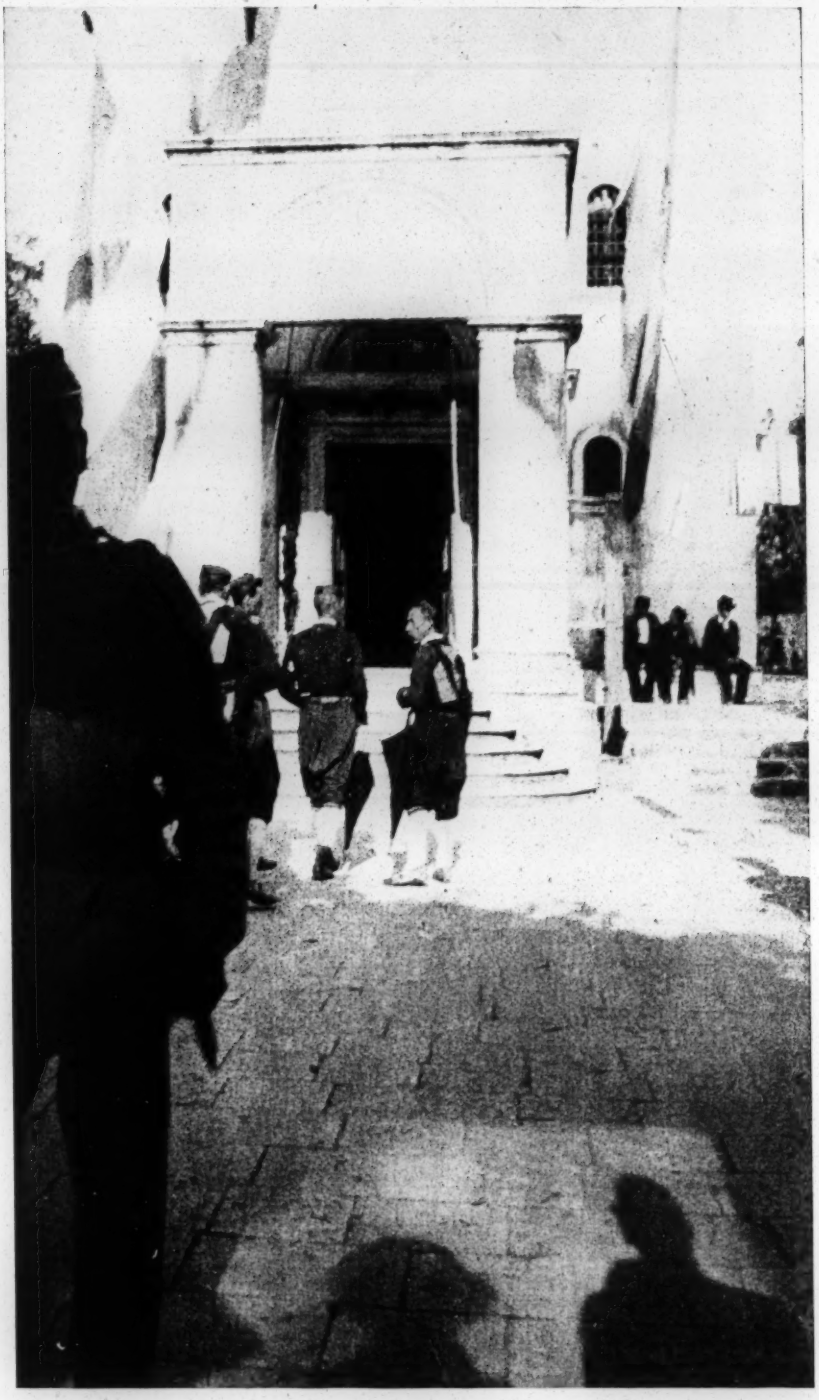
It would be hard to find a handsomer race; the men, seldom under six feet, strut about like war lords. Their only business in life for generations has been to protect their families from Turkish raids when not engaged in actual warfare. Consequently most of the hard work has fallen to the women's share, which they cheerfully perform, often carrying heavy loads, such as great blocks of ice, from the higher mountains down to the towns. Such labor and the hard conditions of life age them early, but when young the girls are really beautiful, with noble, Madonna-like faces; the type is rather mixed in coloring, neither light nor dark. We saw many fine gray eyes and especially noticed a lovely shade of ruddy gold hair.

Traveling in Montenegro is delightfully simple; there are no trains and only one carriage road in and out of Cettinje; you either go by carriage or you take a pack pony and scramble over the mountain tracks. It is said that Prince Nickola wishes to make Nikshitz his capital, as being more in the center of the principality; the one road from Cettinje connects with it via Podgoritza, but it is doubtful if the scheme will be carried through, as Cettinje is considered by the representatives of the Powers to be the "jumping-off place," and certainly Nikshitz would be much less accessible.

Delightful as were the days at Cettinje, the beyond was ever calling, and it seemed a pity when so near the Sultan's domains not to drop over the border into Albania, the most northwesterly *vilayet* of the Empire, and see not only a bit of this out-of-the-way province, but the Albanians, who are the wildest people left in Europe, in their own country and in their own capital. Our friends shook their heads dubiously and advised us not to go. "Why is there trouble?" "Where there are Albanians there is always trouble. The ladies had best stay with us; they can travel safely all over Montenegro, but the Albanians are a bad lot." However, we had seen enough of the edge of the Eastern question to know that every man's hand is turned against his neighbor, and even now the Montenegrin cannot get over the wars, cruelties, and reprisals of his blood enemy of hundreds of years.

We decided that the Albanian was probably not so black as he was painted and left Cettinje early one morning en route for his capital of Scodra. After leaving the town the road rose steadily, and when we reached the top of the pass we caught our breaths at the beauty of the view spread out before us—peak after

BOCCHE DI CATTARO FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROAD TO THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO
Note the winding road climbing the mountain on the left

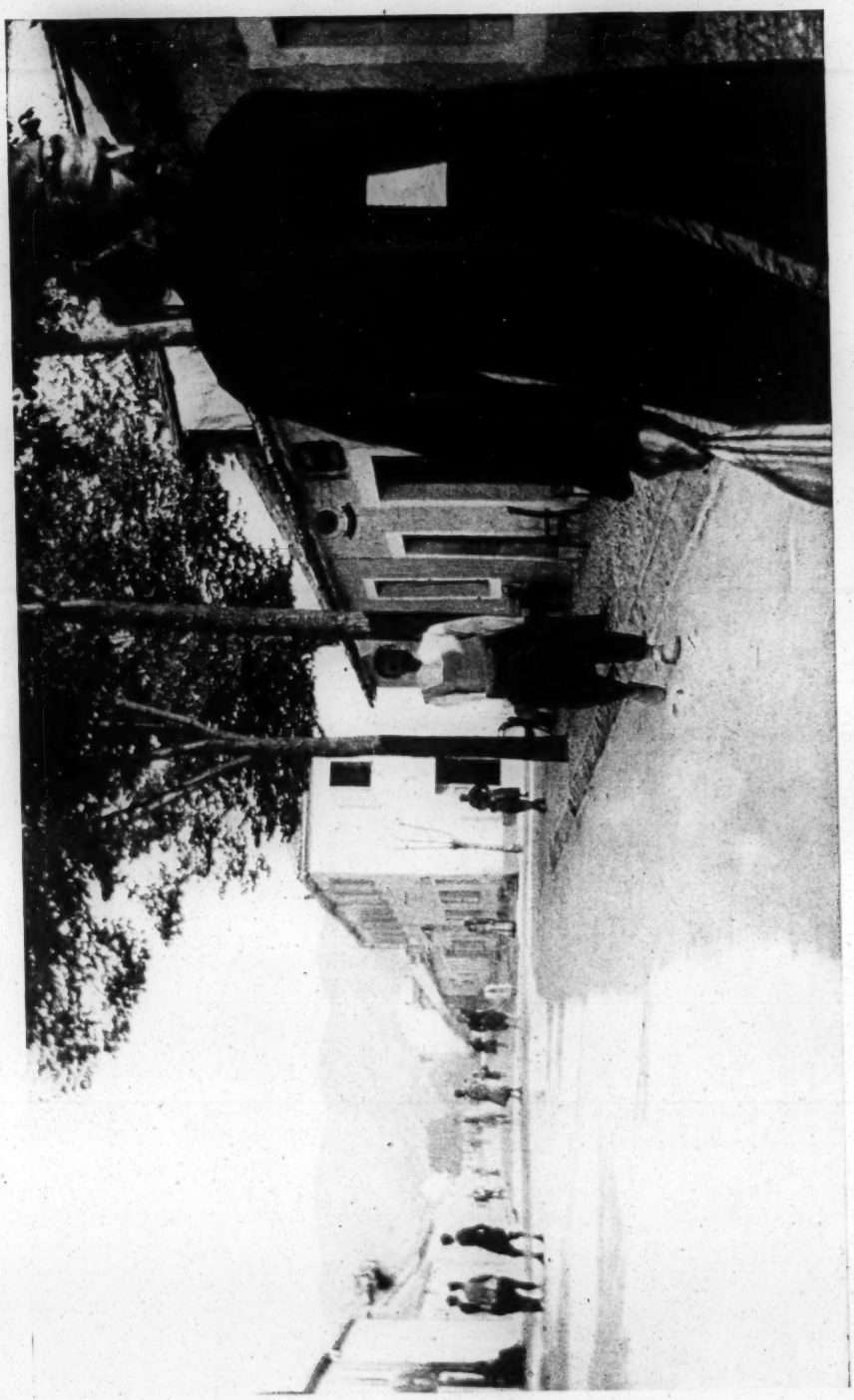


SAINT SAVINA, A GREEK ORTHODOX MONASTERY IN THE "BOCCHE"

A MONTENEGRIN DANDY

A MONTENEGRIN OFFICIAL

A MONTENEGRIN BRIDE



MAIN STREET, CETTINJE, MONTENEGRO

peak rose majestically above, far below lay a green valley with its tiny village and the long, lonely, opal lake of Scodra deep set in its barren hills, while the grim Albanian mountains showed blue and hazy in the distance.

THE LAKE OF SCODRA

We rattled down to Riejka, the village on the lake, so named from Ivan Beg Crnoievich (riejka means a stream), who ruled in the latter half of the fifteenth century and had his capital in this vicinity. These were among the darkest years for the Montenegrins, and Ivan was forced to cede the rich plains of the Zeta to the Turks and was driven to the mountain fastnesses and there founded Cettinje in 1484. He built a castle above Riejka to fortify his new frontier and swore to hold the Black Mountain at any price. A wise as well as a warlike ruler, he founded a monastery and sent for a printing press from Venice, but twenty years after the first book was printed in London by Caxton! Popular tradition says that he but sleeps, and will one day awake to lead his people in their hour of need.

But more pressing than past history was the question of present transport, so we hastened to make inquiries if the boat was running on the lake. "No; it was broken." "What shall we do?" "If we turn back or wait we shall miss the Wednesday market in Scodra which we have come so far to see." Then being told that if enough passengers turned up to make it worth while a small tug would be run instead, we embarked in a rowboat to reconnoiter. A small pink tug presented itself, and also fortunately two Italian gentlemen and a number of peasants, so the list being complete we foreigners managed to stow ourselves in front, the peasants aft, and the little boat glided out on the pretty tortuous stream through masses of lilies and water reeds, gallantly trying to bar our progress into this lovely solitary lake. Great herons and spoonbills and other water fowl took our passing through their favorite haunts quite philosophically, too indifferent to even flop away. We twisted and turned for some time, and after passing a fortified island emerged into the open lake—Montenegro towered behind and the so-called accursed mountains of Albania rose in unreal cloudlike masses in the far distance.

Stops were made at Virbazar and Plaunitza to take passengers on and off; at the former place we persuaded the captain to take us ashore with him to pick up the mail, for which he cheerfully announced he might have to wait at least four hours! So, with the captain and mate, we scrambled into a dugout and were rowed by a sheep-nosed, raucous-voiced boy up another little creek to the charmingly situated town, which was quite overcome with astonishment at seeing us, Europeans, especially women, being rare.

We sat in front of the little drink shop under the shade of fine old plain trees, with our tea basket, an infinite delight and amusement to the natives. Captain and mate made no bones about drinking out of glasses encrusted with grime, probably being used to Montenegrin customs, but the little maid who served us evidently thought we were accustomed to better things and politely gave the glasses a wipe with still grimier fingers!

The town affords some attractive views, while old fortifications on the hill looked worth exploring, but the sun beat down mercilessly and we succumbed to the fascinations of shopping, assisted by the entire population, with much advice and many kindly pats on the back when a certain article was tried on (in the street, as the shop had become too congested by onlookers) and considered becoming.

So far the transactions had been carried on by means of signs, but now the crowd made way for a handsome ragged lad with an open face, evidently a traveler, with a sturdy staff, and all his worldly possessions tied up in a handkerchief. He knew a few words of German which he had learned from his father, who "had seen the world" (he had been

in the Austrian provinces); he, too, was going abroad to seek his fortune, *where* seemed immaterial. "He feared he might find many bad people after leaving Montenegro, as he had been told that there were many wicked people in other lands who would not give food and shelter to wayfarers." He proudly refused money and even cigarettes for his interpreting, but wistfully asked "were the Herrschaften going his way, for in that case they could help him in their country as he had helped them in his." The diligence came in and he waived us a sad farewell as he drove off. Poor boy; we hoped the great world would reward his brave trust.

The mail came at last, so we reëmbarked to continue our trip. The lake opened, the same stone hills continued to enclose it, without a sign of habitation the entire length of forty-odd miles. The sun set, casting glorious flame-colored lights on mountain and water; the moon rose, and we steamed past the Sultan's one decrepit war ship flying the Crescent of Islam and anchored off Scodra or Scutari-Albanese, as it is called on our maps, after a sixteen-hour trip. Great canoes came out to the tug, our persons and belongings were fought over, and, at the risk of being dumped in the lake, we were deposited on extremely topply chairs and in the bottom of the canoe and taken ashore. All was darkness, noise, and confusion in the custom-house. We smuggled the kodak and a couple of books, and by giving a liberal backsheesh got through at once and were conducted by our friend the captain to the one inn where it is possible to stay.

THE ALBANIANS

Scodra is situated at the end of the lake, in the midst of a wide plain that late in August was burned dust dry. The town has a population of some 40,000 inhabitants, and is considered by the Albanian the finest city in the world. It is dirty, dingy, thoroughly Eastern, and possesses a fascination all its own, for here we are in a land and among a people whose development was arrested in the middle ages and who have not progressed in ideas, customs, or morals from that time. Here there is no trace of the West or modern civilization such as one comes upon in striking contrast to Old World ways in the other Balkan states. The houses are concealed behind 10-foot walls, with overhanging eaves of brown tiles and picturesque blue or green latticed windows; few houses but have a garden, the vines and trees peeping gracefully over the walls. A few mosques and minarets appear in the distance.

The Albanians are recognized to be the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the Peninsula, who were here before the Greeks or Romans, and are not allied to the other Balkan peoples; civilization and empires have swept over them, and they have gone on in their own savage way, accepting a nominal ruler, but a nominal only. They speak a language that is not written. Their code of life and morals is thoroughly medieval, and their proud boast is that they have never betrayed a friend or spared an enemy. Fighting is the breath of their nostrils, and for this reason they have been extremely useful to the Sultan, and by fighting in his armies have purchased immunity from interference and taxation at home. If you ask about the openly smuggled tobacco in Scodra Bazar you will be told, "We Albanians do not chose to pay taxes; why should we?"

Not only a brave but an able man, the Albanian is quick to learn when given the opportunity, and is keen and successful in business when able to escape the blight of the Turk, which is keeping him an untutored savage.

The Bazar is the greatest attraction in Scodra. It lies down by the river, a labyrinth of narrow, ill-paved lanes with gutters down the middle, where the pack animals walk, the spaces between the tiny booths being often not more than 6 feet wide. Fascinating at all times, the scene on market days is indescribable—a mass of glaring barbaric color, the alleys throbbing with a life that our ancestors, too, must have known in the glittering, squalid middle ages.

Here the streets are each given over to

CANOE ON THE LAKE OF SCODRA

ALBANIAN TRIBESMEN IN SCODRA BAZAR (SEE PAGE 328)

a separate occupation, one to the bakers, one to the butchers, a third to the gunsmiths, a popular booth, especially with the mountain men. Petticoat lane displays the discarded finery of the harem, sometimes, too, fine embroideries and marvelously tinted brocades. The harness shops are gay with all sorts of colored leather trappings and bead headstalls with amulets to keep the evil eye from the pack ponies. Crude red and green cradles and gaudily painted chests for the ladies, in which to keep their finery, are sold at the carpenter's. The tinsmiths ply a busy trade in curiously wrought metal belts, while busier and more popular than all is the inevitable coffee booth.

MEDIEVAL COSTUMES AT SCODRA

And the motley crowd who jostle each other in and out of the narrow ways! A Mohammedan Beg swaggers by in the cumberous fustinella, the plaited white shirt worn by the Greeks, but seen in its greatest glory on the Albanians. Here a group of wild men and women from the mountains, the former stalking stealthily in front, their ever-searching eyes on the lookout for the enemy who may be in hiding, the latter carrying heavy loads on their shoulders, possibly for a walk of ten hours!

Their costume is one of the most curious in existence. That of the men consists of white homespun, medieval-looking leg gear, heavily striped and braided in black; an open vest, the front braided and cut in zigzags, and over this a black sleeveless wool jacket with a square fringed collar, the whole topped by a white fez. This black jacket is worn for George Kastoriot or Skenderbeg, one of the few great men the country has produced. He gathered the tribes together and held all the land against the Turks till he was killed, in 1467, and his people still cherish his memory so dearly that they wear mourning for him. The women wear short, very stiff skirts of the same homespun, white and black alternating in the stripes, waistcoat and long white coats of the same material ornamented in red and blue.

But older still is the dress of the town men and boys of the poorer classes—a white tunic and drawers tied about the waist with a red sash and topped with a fez. This without the fez is the costume of the barbarians on the Greek and Roman vases. If this is the oldest, the palm for the ugliest is easily borne off by the well-to-do Christian women. The wearer is hardly able to get along at all in her high-heeled shoes and with the enormous weight of the material used in her trousers, which she has to hold up with both hands, and then is only able to waddle. These women go veiled in the streets and swathe themselves in a shapeless scarlet coat with a square collar pinned up to the head, the whole braided in black. Their husbands and sons affect jaunty jackets of dark red so heavily embroidered as to appear black, but then everybody of importance is brave with embroidery in Scodra and wears garments that are marvels of the art of needlework, with the comforting conviction that the fashions will never change and that clothes will last a lifetime and can then be passed on to the servants and dependents of the family.

At night Scodra was uncanny; it is unsafe even for the natives to venture out after dark. Few houses showed a light, and all was silent and mysterious. The last night of our stay we were aroused towards dawn by hearing a stray shot or two, which soon grew into a perfect fusillade, a bell tolled, and as the sun rose the Sultan's unkempt troops turned out, each munching his ration of dry bread as he rode (all hunched up on the small pony) after the possible malefactors. We thought the massacre of which the town lives in ever present dread had really begun, and we were greatly relieved to learn that the commotion was only caused by robbers in the ward.

We tore ourselves regretfully from barbaric Scodra, so brilliant by day, so depressing by night, for much still lay before us, so back across the lake we went, and were welcomed by our friends in Cettinje as if from out of the lion's den. With many promises to return

another year we retraced our steps to Ragusa, there to repair the ravages travel had made on ourselves and our linen, and enjoy the luxuries of civilization before starting again for the interior.

IN HERZEGOVINA

After Albania, a Turkish province administered, or rather not administered, by the Turk, we were forcibly struck with the prosperous appearance of the people of Herzegovina and Bosnia, Turkish possessions until 1878, when they were, after the revolt, handed over to Austria to be governed. The conditions were said to be as bad then as they are now, in parts of the Sultan's dominions, where there is no safety for life or property. Today Austria administers the country (under the nominal control of the Porte) wisely and paternally, regarding the religious and other customs of the people, with the result that the Moslems and Christians live side by side in the greatest peace and amity.

We took the railroad, which has been recently constructed, from Ragusa to Mostar. Soon the tropical vegetation of the coast had been left behind, the train crawling steadily up through grand mountain scenery. We made several stops, when wild women from the hills of Herzegovina, in white linen trousers and tunics, their legs incased in top boots, peered shyly at us, afraid to meet our eyes, much less face the camera. We passed several train-loads of peasants traveling fourth class in vans marked "12 horses or 30 people," and drew up at the capital of Herzegovina, Mostar.

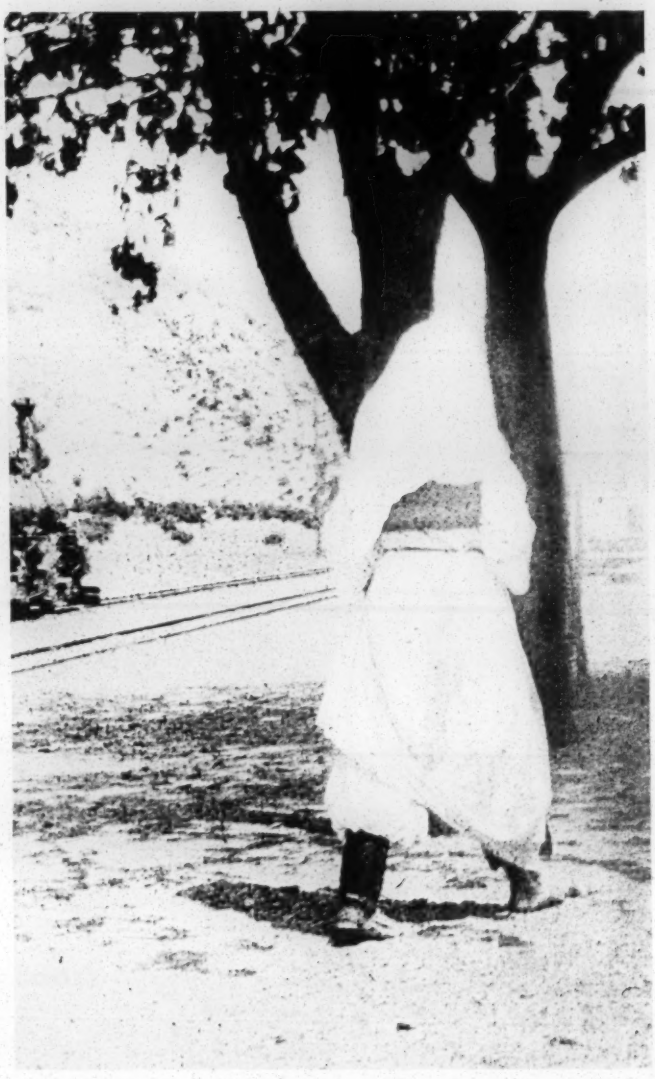
The town is thoroughly Oriental, beautifully situated on both sides of the rapidly flowing Narenta, with many minarets picturesquely breaking the sky line. The two quarters of the city are connected by a superb old stone bridge, with a span of a hundred feet and over 60 feet above the stream. Tradition attributes it to the Romans (though it was probably built by one of the early Sultans), and also says that great difficulty was found in building the foundations, until some one had the happy inspiration of burying two lovers beneath the piers, after which all went well.

Leaving Mostar, we entered the great defile of the Narenta, a wild and rocky gorge, had a glimpse of the Prenj Mountains towering to the right, reached the top of the Ivan Plana, the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, passed through a tunnel, and emerged into Bosnia proper. As we descended toward Sarajevo the country began to assume an entirely different aspect to anything else we had seen in the Peninsula; the wild gorges and rocky peaks gave place to fertile river beds and beautifully wooded hills, the little villages being very quaint and distinctive. The houses have extremely steep-pitched, shingled roofs and are built, even the modern ones, without chimneys, the smoke escaping as best it can.

Sarajevo, "the Damascus of the North," so called from the number and importance of its mosques, is a most curious mixture of a European and an Oriental city. It lies in the wide valley, on both sides of the Miljacka. The Austrian quarters are situated along the river bank, while the native houses straggle picturesquely up the sides of the inclosing hills, and the population is as mixed as the architecture. As the largest city in the province, it is an important military post; the streets are full of smart officers and their wives, as well as the officials of the Austrian government, while the native population is varied and includes not only the Greek and Catholic Christians, the Moslem Bosnians, some gipsies, a few Turks, and people from the neighboring states, but quite a colony of the Jews who are the direct descendants of those who, strangely enough, found refuge in Bosnia at the time of the Spanish Inquisition, and who still speak Spanish and are called Spaniards. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday are respectively the Moslem, Jewish, and Christian Sabbaths, when the town is less lively, but on other days there is always something doing, especially in the Bazar,

XUM

where the different types and costumes are seen to the best advantage. Unfortunately this trading center is now almost entirely given up to the sale of cheap Austrian manufactured goods; this is particularly disappointing, as the Bosnian is a born craftsman, combining great taste in color and design with dexterity in handling his material. The government has opened schools for both sexes for training in the manufacture of textiles, rugs, inlay and metal work, but to us, watching the streets in the Bazar, where the cross-legged, turbaned men were at work on all sorts of leather, was by far more fascinating. They fashion this material of every conceivable shade into bags, belts, harness, and shoes of every size and for every national costume, from the high, loose, lemon-tinted boot the Turkish women wear in the street to the clumsy, elaborate shoe for the countryman, with no heels and a turned-up, pointed toe, most craftily worked and ornamented in another colored leather.

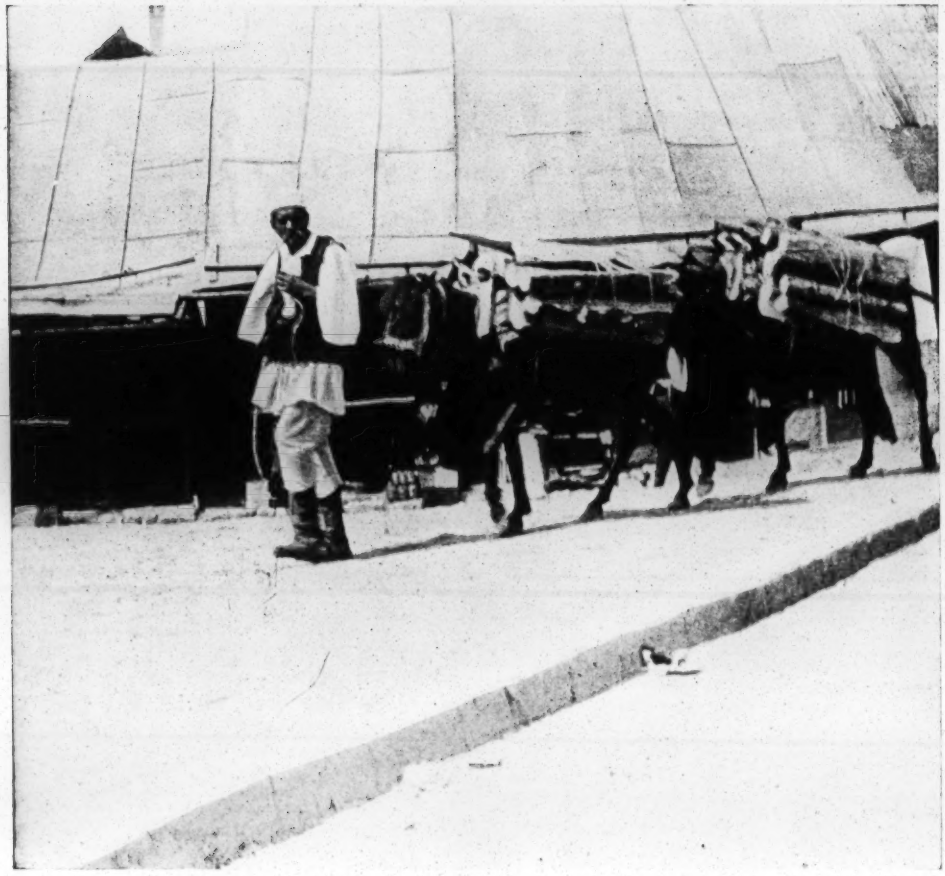


COUNTRY WOMAN, HERZEGOVINA (SEE PAGE 332)

We became quite chummy with a fair-haired, blue-eyed young Bosnian whom we met in the Bazar, and who called himself a "Turk," as do so many of the Moslems. To our surprise he offered to show us the interior of the Husef Beg Mosque, and he seemed much pleased when we admired its lofty proportions. He also took us to a coffee-house or "kavanna," patronized entirely by natives—really a garden inclosed with a lattice fence, the humbler guests sitting on wooden benches under the trees, the more exalted in pretty, thatched-roofed summer-houses on each side. The coffee booth was aglow with shining brass utensils and bright charcoal fire. Twinkling lights brought out the dark, rich dress of the well-to-do town Moslems, in fez, slippers, black silk trousers, and jaunty little jackets embroidered in gold, who were sipping the delicious coffee,

HERZEGOVINIAN PEASANTS TRAVELING FOURTH CLASS

These cars are marked "12 horses or 30 people"



SARAJEVO PACK PONIES EN ROUTE TO MARKET

smoking cigarettes, and listening with great contentment to wild gipsy music or monotonous ballads of long dead kings.

Coffee and cigarettes, everywhere good and cheap, seem to be the chief articles of subsistence of the Bosnians, who consume an incredible amount of both (we were told some of the men limited themselves to 100 each per day), and though we have watched them at all hours at work in their little open-fronted shops, we rarely saw them eat any solid food!

A FEW DAYS IN BOSNIA

But to see the country as it was in the old, unregenerate days before the Austrian occupation, we went to Jayce. This little town now lies off the beaten track, but was once the center of the important Banyat of Jayce, and is today the prettiest place imaginable, with its quaint shingled or stucco painted houses, mosques, and fountains. The surrounding country is lovely, the falls, just above the town, where the Pliva, flowing from the lake of Jesero, precipitates itself into the Vrbas below in a leap of a hundred feet, being really remarkable. We drove one morning to Jesero, not far away, on the lake of the same name, between deeply wooded hills, which afford good cover to all sorts of game, while on the

HERZEGOVINIAN WOMEN IN THE STREETS OF SAINT SAVINA

MOSLEM WOMAN, MOSTAR, HERZEGOVINA

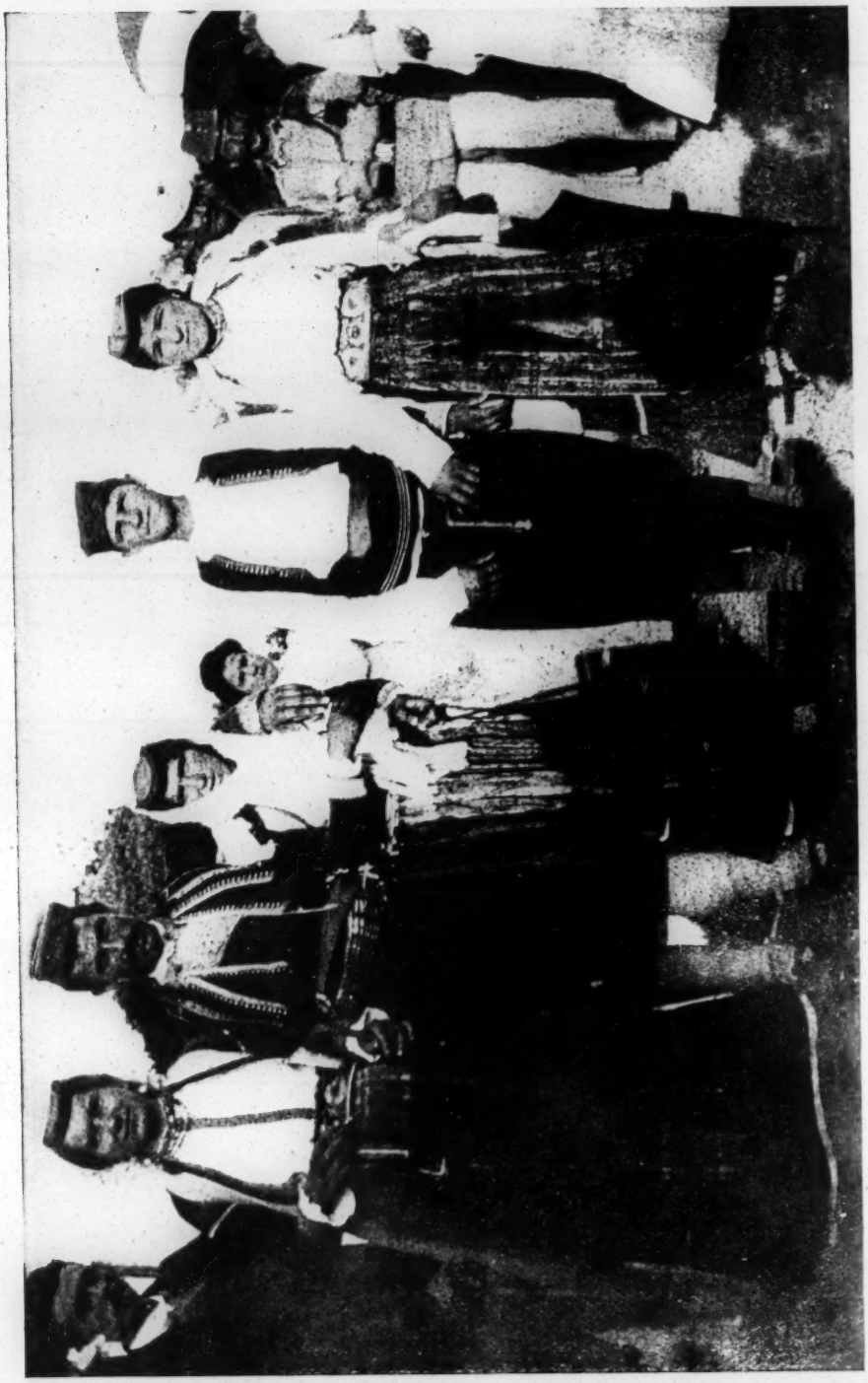
lake the wild ducks were so tame that they swam almost within reach. The village, set in its mass of verdure, suggested a scene in Surrey, but the minarets, the veiled women, and the little girls, with their hair and hands dyed with the all-popular henna, reminded us that we were still in the East.

Market day brought into the open market place country people from all the surrounding farms and hills. Every one had something to sell and to buy. The pottery man's wares, designed for household utensils, were popular with the housewives and gave a lovely splash of green and gold to that part of the square. All sorts of grain and seeds were for sale in loosely woven baskets, while the sheep and goats had an entire plateau to themselves. Several itinerant traders were doing a lively business in bright glass beads among the younger women, who make them into belts and other dress trimmings, while strung on wire they were bought in the form of bracelets and necklaces.

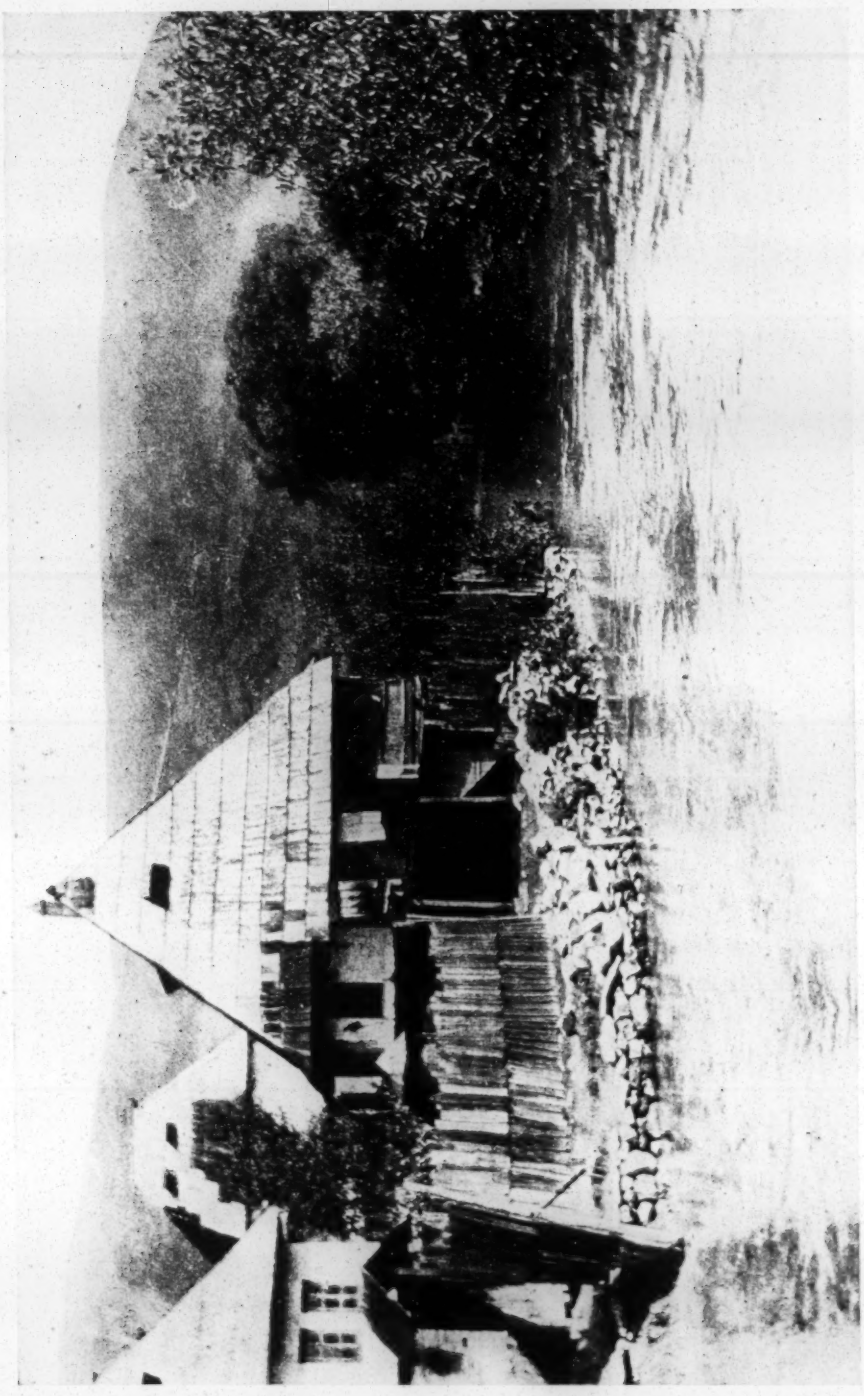
The peasants were quite as much interested in us as we were in their costumes, and much friendliness prevailed, smiles and pats on the shoulder taking the place of words. Screwing up our courage, we tackled a dark young beauty, smoking a cigarette with a charmingly nonchalant air, and asked her if she would be willing to sell her belt and apron. She was at first too astonished and amused to answer, but finally coyly consented. A friend came up to see what was happening, this one a handsome blonde, her husband in tow. She was also willing to sell any part of her costume, and promptly began such an alarming unfastening that we hastily suggested the garments could be delivered later.

Soon the fame of the crazy "Herrschaften," who were willing to pay good money for old clothes, spread through the country-side, and before long the space outside the inn was crowded with what the distracted proprietor called "ein Jahrmarkt." Crowds of peasants were displaying their wares and good naturedly trying to oust each other, while one woman, we were sure, was offering her baby as an extra inducement to the collector, as we called the gentleman of our party. Aside from the amusement, it was rather pathetic to see how much a little ready money meant for these hard-working, honest souls, who would tramp hours with bits of their finery, embroidered garments, and fine old brass ornaments to sell them to us for a few kronen.

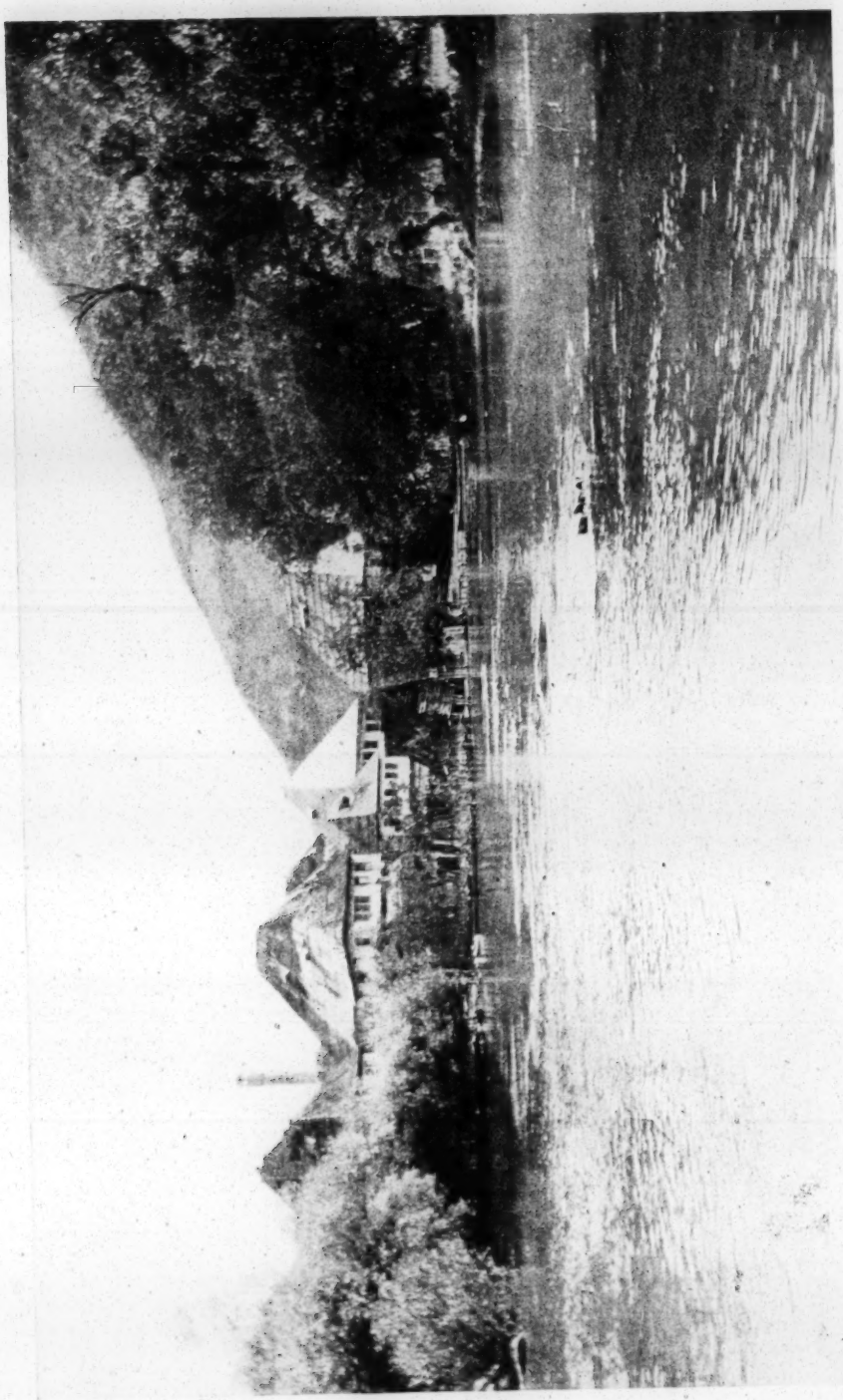
On a showery morning we drove off from Jayce, our plunder following in a second carriage; our drivers, two gay young Moslems, who entertained us vastly with their wild bursts of song, by chaffing every one on the road, and by flirting outrageously with all the peasant women we met. The way lay through magnificent scenery, past scattered settlements and lonely haus, where we always halted for the inevitable coffee, the charm of the East lying over all until we drove into the district town of Banjaluka. Here, after a night spent in lodgings off the stable yard, the inn being full, we started by rail back to commonplace Europe. In a few hours we were out of Bosnia. The East, its scenery, mystery, and costumes were left behind; the crown lands of Hungary through which we passed seemed worthless in comparison and the every-day life to which we were returning remarkably tame.



HERZEGOVINIANS AND BOSNIANS AT A FIESTA

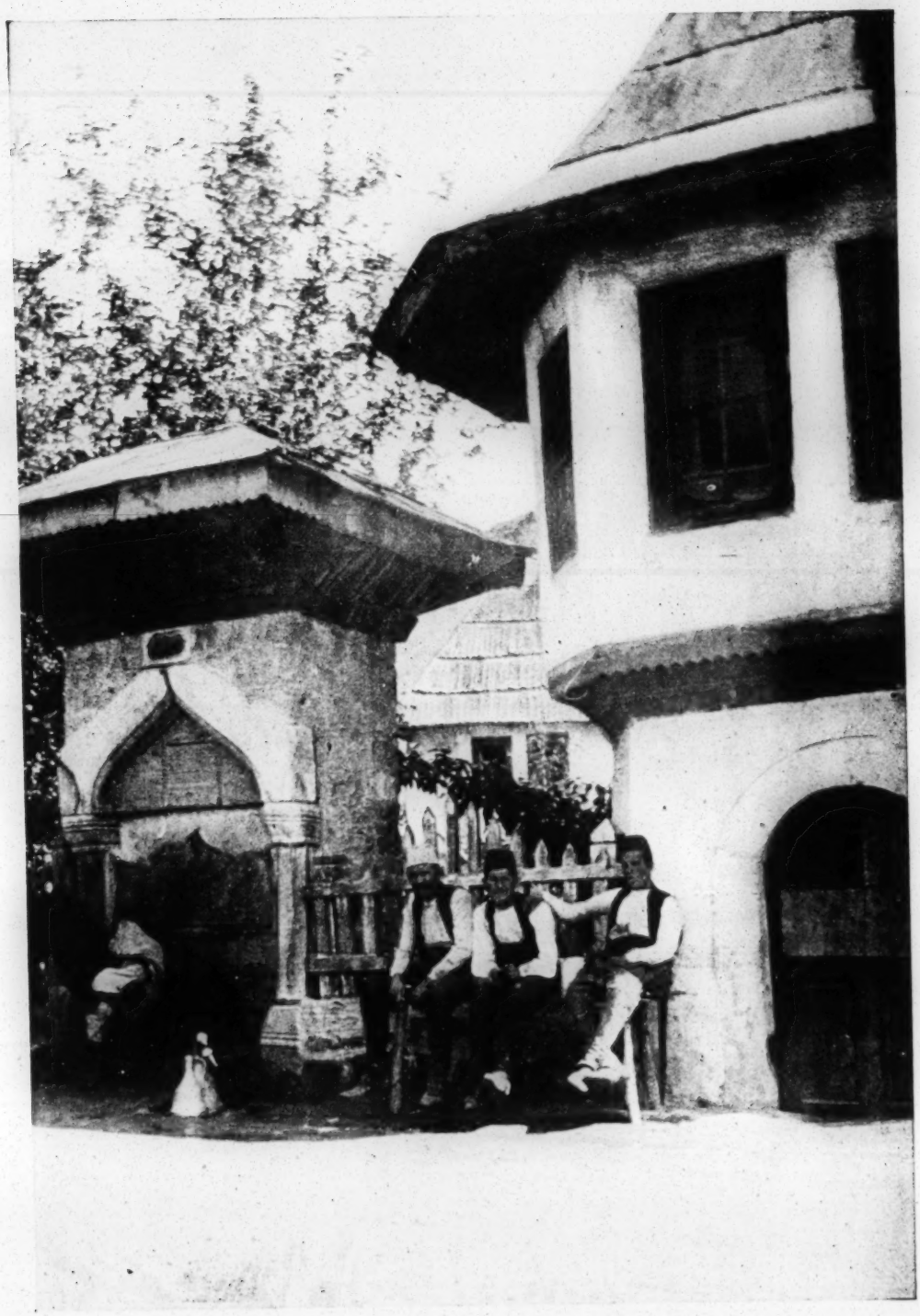


BOSNIAN HOUSES, YESERO

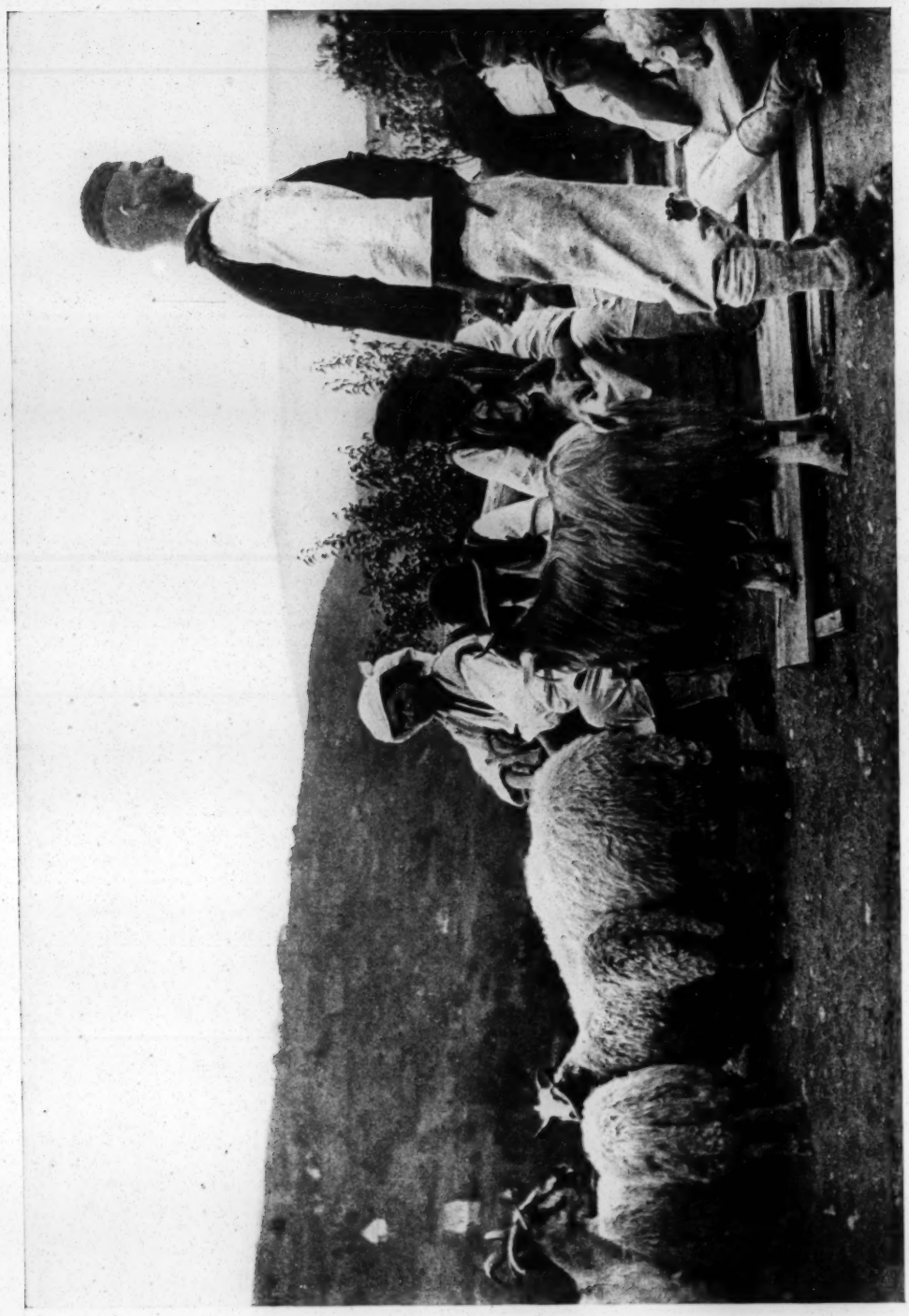


YESERO, BOSNIA

JAYCÉ, BOSNIA: A GREEK ORTHODOX BEAUTY



JAYCE, BOSNIA, TURKISH FOUNTAIN



SHEEP AND GOATS, JAYCE

AN AMERICAN FABLE*

By Gifford Pinchot

Chief of the United States Forest Service

THE conservation of our natural resources is a subject which has had little attention in the past; but it is so simple, so elementary, that it might almost be told in words like those of the old fairy tales that we all loved when we were boys and girls. It might run in this way:

Once upon a time there was a young man who had been given a great property in a distant region, and left home to take possession of it. When he reached his property he first made himself acquainted with it. As he explored it and studied its value he began to think how he would make his living out of it. The problem was not a hard one.

He found that his property was wonderfully rich, and supplied his needs at the cost of far less exertion than he would have had to make at home—a fair land, well watered, well timbered, and abounding in game and fruits, with broad meadows for cattle and horses and sheep, and with no small store of rare and curious minerals, and an outcrop of excellent coal. Life was easy, and he lived lavishly and joyously at first, after the initial hard work of moving in and building his house and raising his first crops was over. He had far more land than he could use, far more game; and what he lacked he was able to buy from home with furs, with timber, with minerals, and with the surplus of his crops.

By and by he saw and liked a girl and finally married her. Together they prospered on their property, which seemed too rich to make it necessary for them to trouble about the future. Game was still plentiful, though less so than at first; the timber, though growing less, was still abundant enough to last longer than they could hope to live; by breaking new land they could always count on marvelous crops; the coal was a little harder to get at, but still close to the surface, and besides the man only dug out the easiest, and when the earth began to cave in started again at a new place. His stock, pastured on the meadows, had trampled out some grass, but there was still no lack. That some day strangers would possess their property when they had done with it, and find it somewhat run down, did not trouble these two good people at all.

But children had come to them with the years, and by and by these children began to grow up. Then the point of view of the man and his wife changed. They wanted to see their sons and daughters provided for and settled on their home property, and they began to see that what was enough and to spare for them would not support all their children in the same comfort unless they themselves used it with better foresight. Through thinking of their children they were led to live more in the future.

They looked forward and said to themselves, "Not only must we meet our own needs from this property, but we must see to it that our children come in for their fair share of it, so that after a while the blessedness we have had here may be carried on to them." So the family established itself. The man became respected and his children grew up around him; and when in the fulness of time he passed away and his children took the place in which he had stood, because of his foresight and care, they enjoyed the same kind of prosperity he had enjoyed.

It is a perfectly simple story; we all of us can name scores of men who have done this same thing. The men and the women who do it are not famous, are not regarded as remarkable in any way;

* An address to the National Geographic Society, January 31, 1908.

they are simply good, every-day, average citizens, who are carrying out the duties of the average citizen.

THE STORY OF OUR NATION

Now once upon a time there was a young nation which left its home and moved on to a new continent. As soon as the people who formed the first settlements began to examine the value and condition of this new continent, they found it marvelously rich in every possible resource. The forests were so vast that they were not a blessing in the early days, but a hindrance. The soil was so rich and there was so much of it that they were able at first only to scratch the edges of their great property. It was quite plain to these people in the early times that however much they might cover, however much they might waste, there was going to be plenty left. They found wonderfully rich deposits of ore, great oil fields, and vast stretches of the richest bituminous and anthracite coal lands; noble rivers making fertile broad expanses of meadow, rich alluvial prairies, great plains covered with countless herds of buffalo and antelope, mountains in the west filled with minerals, and on both coasts opportunities richer than any nation had ever found elsewhere before.

They entered into this vast possession and began to use it. They did not need to think much about how they used their coal, or oil, or timber, or water—it would last—and they began to encroach on the supply with freedom and in confidence that there would always be plenty. The only word with which they described what they had, when they talked about it, was the word inexhaustible.

Let us see for a moment what the course of development of this young nation was. First of all they needed men and women to settle on the land and bring up children and have a stake in the country. That was absolutely necessary before there could develop the great nation which some of them saw ahead. As the population spread, there arose a need that great systems of transportation should be built to knit the country together and provide for the interchange of its products. These railroads called for iron, coal, and timber in great quantities. Then began an unprecedented demand upon the forests. Not only could they not build those transcontinental railroad lines without millions upon millions of railroad ties cut from the forests of the country, but they could not mine the iron and coal except as the forests gave them the means of timbering their mines, transporting the ore, and disposing of the finished product. The whole civilization which they built up was conditioned on iron, coal, and timber.

As they developed their continent, richer than any other, from the east coast to the west, new resources became revealed to them, new interests took possession of them, and they used the old resources in new ways. In the East, the rivers meant to them only means of transportation; in the West they began to see that the rivers meant first of all crops; that they must put the rivers on the land before they could grow wheat, and alfalfa, and fruits, and all the things that make the West rich. They found that to feed the vast population which had grown up in the eastern country they must have the vast ranges of the West to grow meat; that the resources which produced the wheat, and the meat, and the cotton, and the iron, and coal, and timber, all together made the working capital of a great nation, and that the nation could not grow unless it had all of these things. In taking possession of them, our nation used them with greater effectiveness, greater energy and enterprise, than any other nation had ever shown before. Nothing like our growth, nothing like our wealth, nothing like the average happiness of our people, can be found elsewhere; and the fundamental reason for this is, on the one side, the vast natural resources which we had at hand, and, on the other side, the character and ability and power of our people.

Now what have we done with these resources which have made us great, and what is the present condition in which this marvelously vigorous nation finds itself? The keynote of our times is "development." Every man, from New York to San Francisco, wants the development of the natural resources, the advantages, the opportunities which surround him, his neighbors, and his friends. Any one who questions the wisdom of any of the methods we are using in bringing that development to pass, because he believes we are making mistakes that will be expensive later, is in danger of being considered an enemy to prosperity. He is in danger of having it thought of him that he does not take pride in our great achievements, that he is not a very good American. But in reality it is no sign that a man lacks pride in the United States and the wonderful things our people have done in developing this great country because he wants to see that development go on indefinitely. On the contrary, real patriotism and pride in our country make it the first of all duties to see that our nation shall continue to prosper. In sober truth, we have brought ourselves into a present condition in which a very serious diminution of some of our resources is upon us.

WHAT A TIMBER FAMINE WOULD MEAN

A third of this country was originally covered with what were, all in all, the most magnificent forests of the globe—a million square miles of timber land. In the short time, as time counts in the life of nations, that we have been here, we have all but reached the end of them. We thought it unimportant until lately that we have been destroying by fire as much timber as we have used. But we have now reached the point where the growth of our forests is but one-third of the annual cut, while we have in store timber enough for only twenty years at our present rate of use. This wonderful development, which would have been impossible without the cutting of the forests, has brought us where we really face their absolute exhaustion within the present generation. And we use five or six times more timber per capita than the European nations. A timber famine will touch every man, woman, and child in all the land; it will affect the daily life of every one of us; and yet without consideration, without forecast, and without foresight, we have placed ourselves, not deliberately, but thoughtlessly, in a position where a timber famine is one of the inevitable events of our near future.

Canada cannot supply us, for she will need her timber herself. Siberia cannot supply us, for the timber is too far from water transportation. South America cannot supply us, because the timbers of that vast continent are of a different character from those we use, and ill-adapted to our needs. We must suffer because we have carelessly wasted this great condition of success. It is impossible to repair the damage in time to escape suffering.

But forests only begin the story of our impaired capital. Our anthracite coals are said to be in danger of exhaustion in fifty years, and our bituminous coals early in the next century; some of our older oil fields are already exhausted; the natural gas has been wasted—burning night and day in many towns of this country until the supply has failed. Our iron deposits grow less each year. Our ranges in the West, from which we first drove the buffalo to cover them again with cattle and sheep, are capable of supporting but about one-half what they could under intelligent management; and the price of beef is raised. Nearly every one of our wonderful resources we have used without reasonable foresight and reasonable care, and as each becomes exhausted a heavier burden of hardship will be laid upon us as a people.

Now what is our remedy? The remedy is the perfectly simple one of common sense applied to national affairs as common sense is applied to personal affairs. This is no abstruse or difficult question. We have hitherto as a nation

taken the same course as did at first the young man who came into possession of his new property. It is time now for a change.

It is true that some natural resources renew themselves, while others do not. Our mineral resources once gone are gone forever. It may appear, therefore, at first thought that conservation does not apply to them, since they can be used only once; but this is far from being the fact. Methods of coal mining, for instance, have been permitted in this country which take out on the average but half of the coal, and then in a short time the roof sinks in on the other half, which thereafter can never be mined. Oil and natural gas also have been and are being exploited with great waste, and as though there never could be an end to them. The forests we can replace at great cost and with an interval of suffering. The soil which is washed from the surface of our farms every year to the amount of a billion tons, making, with the further loss of fertilizing elements carried away in solution, the heaviest tax the farmer has to pay, may in the course of centuries be replaced by the chemical disintegration of the rock; but it is decidedly wiser to keep what we have by careful methods of cultivation. We may very profitably stop putting our farms into our streams, to be dug out at great expense through river and harbor appropriations. Fertile soil is not wanted in the bed of a stream, and it is wanted on the surface of the soil of the farms and the forest-covered slopes of the mountains; yet we spend millions upon millions of dollars every year removing from our rivers what ought never to have got into them.

A MONOPOLY OF OUR GREATEST NATURAL RESOURCE, WATER POWER, SHOULD BE PREVENTED

Besides exhausting the unrenewable and impairing the renewable resources, we have left unused vast resources which are capable of adding enormously to the wealth of the country. Our streams have been used mainly in the West for irrigation and mainly in the East for navigation. It has not occurred to us that a stream is valuable not merely for one, but for a considerable number of uses; that these uses are not mutually exclusive, and that to obtain the full benefit of what the stream can do for us we should plan to develop all uses together. For example, when the national government builds dams for navigation on streams, it often disregards the possible use, for power, of the water that flows over those dams. Engineers say that many hundred thousand horse-power are going to waste over government dams in this way. Since a fair price for power, where it is in demand, is from $20 to $80 per horse-power per year, it will be seen that the government has here—developed yet lying idle—a resource capable of adding enormously to the natural wealth. So, also, in developing the western streams for irrigation, in many places irrigation and power might be made to go hand in hand.

If the public does not see to it that the control of water power is kept in the hands of the public, we are certain in the near future to find ourselves in the grip of those who will be able to control, with a monopoly absolutely without parallel in the past, the daily life of our people. Let us suppose a man in a western town, in a region without coal, rising on a cold morning, a few years hence, when invention and enterprise have brought to pass the things which we can already foresee as coming in the application of electricity. He turns on the electric light made from water power; his breakfast is cooked on an electric stove heated by the power of the streams; his morning newspaper is printed on a press moved by electricity from the streams; he goes to his office in a trolley car moved by electricity from the same source. The desk upon which he writes his letters, the merchandise which he sells, the crops which he raises, will have been brought to him or will be taken to market from him in a freight car moved by electricity. His wife will run her

sewing-machine or her churn and factories will turn their shafts and wheels by the same power. In every activity of his life that man and his family and his neighbors will have to pay toll to those who have been able to monopolize the great motive power of electricity made from water power, if that monopoly is allowed to become established. Never before in the history of this or any other free country has there existed the possibility of such intimate daily contact between a monopoly and the life of the average citizen.

It has not yet occurred to our people that this great power should be conserved for the use of the public. We have regarded it as a thing to be given away to any man who would take it. We have carried over our point of view, derived from the early conditions, when it was a godsend to have a man come into the country to develop power, and we were willing to give him anything to induce him to come. We have carried over that point of view into a time when the dread of a monopoly of this kind ought to be in the mind of the average man everywhere. That is an instance of a resource neglected from the point of view of the public.

But this is a time to consider not one resource, but all resources together. Already here and there small associations of citizens have become possessed of certain facts, and have begun to work at certain sides of what is fundamentally one great problem. We have a drainage association, whose object is to make habitable millions upon millions of acres now lying waste in swamps all over the country, but capable of supporting millions of people in comfort. We have forestry associations, waterway associations, irrigation associations, associations of many kinds touching this problem of conservation at different points, each endeavoring to benefit the common weal along its own line, but each interested only in its own particular piece of the work and unaware that it is attacking the outside, not the heart, of the problem.

Now a greater work appears. Since this problem of the conservation of natural resources is a single question, each of these various bodies that have been working at different phases of it must come together on a common platform. By the joining of these units we shall have a mass of intelligent, interested, public-spirited citizens anxious to adopt a new point of view about this country of ours.

That is the crux of the whole matter—a new point of view about our country. We have been so busy getting rich, developing, and growing, so proud of our growth, that we have let things go on until some intolerable abuse has compelled immediate action to cut it off. It is time that we put an end to this kind of opportunism, of mere drifting. We must take the point of view taken by the average prudent business man, or man in any walk of life who has property and is interested in it. What the average man does in his own affairs is to foresee trouble and avoid it if he can. What this nation of ours is doing in this fundamental matter of natural resources is to run right up against the trouble and make that trouble inevitable before taking any step to head it off. But it should not take long to reach the stage where we shall deliberately plan to avoid the difficulties which can be foreseen, if we can bring together all who have already begun to concern themselves with one or another aspect of the conservation problem.

THE PRESENT IS ONE OF THE MOST CRITICAL POINTS OF OUR HISTORY

This nation has, on the continent of North America, three and a half million square miles. What shall we do with it? How can we make ourselves and our children happiest, most vigorous and efficient, and our civilization the highest and most influential, as we use that splendid heritage? Shall not the nation undertake to answer that question in the

spirit of wisdom, prudence, and foresight? There is reason to think we are on the verge of doing this very thing. We are on the verge of saying to ourselves, Let us do the best we can with our natural resources; let us find out what we have, how they can best be used, how they can best be conserved. Above all, let us have clearly in mind the great and fundamental fact that this nation will not end in the year 1950, or a hundred years after that, or five hundred years after that; that we are just beginning a national history the end of which we cannot see, since we are still young. In truth, we are at a critical point in that history. As President Roosevelt has said, we are at the turning of the ways. We may pass on along the line we have been following, exhaust our natural resources, continue to let the future take care of itself; or we may do the simple, obvious, common-sense thing in the interest of the nation, just as each of us does in his own personal affairs.

On the way in which we decide to handle this great possession which has been given us, on the turning which we take now, hangs the welfare of those who are to come after us. Whatever success we may have in any other line of national endeavor; whether we regulate trusts properly; whether we control our great public-service corporations as we should; whether capital and labor adjust their relations in the best manner or not—whatever we may do with all these and other questions, behind and below them all is this fundamental question, Are we going to protect our springs of prosperity, our sources of well-being, our raw material of industry and commerce and employer of capital and labor combined, or are we going to dissipate them?

According as we accept or ignore our responsibility as trustees of the nation's welfare, our children and our children's children for uncounted generations will call us blessed or will lay their suffering at our doors. We shall decide whether their lives, on the average, are to be lived in a flourishing country, full of all that helps make men comfortable, happy, strong, and effective, or whether their lives are to be lived in a country like the miserable outworn regions of the earth which other nations before us have possessed without foresight and turned into hopeless deserts.

We are no more exempt from the operation of natural laws than are the people of any other part of the world.

When the facts are squarely before us, when the magnitude of the stake is clearly before our people, surely this question will be decided aright.

HUNTING BEARS ON HORSEBACK

THE remarkable illustrations on pages 352-355 were sent to this magazine by Mr Alan D. Wilson of Philadelphia, a member of the National Geographic Society. They were taken by him in October, 1907, during a hunting trip in Wyoming. In sending the photographs Mr Wilson writes:

The wolverine and bear we ran with John B. Goff's pack, which we followed on horseback, and which, by the way, is the greatest sport I have ever had. I send a photograph of the five hounds, but unfortunately I did not get a good photograph of the eighteen terriers and mongrels, who made up the fighting pack, which I regret extremely, as they were the cleverest, gamest lot of little rascals I ever saw, and they were always the ones who had to bear the brunt of the trouble.

The wolverine is interesting and the photograph is, I think, almost unique, for they are not only rare, but generally

prefer to go over the rimrock, when the dogs are after them, rather than tree.

All our hunting was done in the national timber reserve just east of the Yellowstone Park, in Big Horn County, Wyoming. It is a high, rough, broken, mountain country, and we were hunting on the headwaters of the following creeks flowing into the north fork of the Shoshone River: Eagle, Kitty, Fishhawk, Sheep, East and West Black Water, Wapiti or Elk Fork, Gun Barrel or Gothic, Goff, and Clearwater—a country about twenty-five miles east and west and thirty-five miles north and south, which lies about fifty miles west of Cody, from which point we outfitted. All the game was killed south of the Shoshone River.

In as rough a country as this is, it takes very good horse flesh to do the work, for the bear travels pretty fast, there is plenty of down timber in the valleys, and a great deal of hard climbing. Mr Goff has a picked lot of horses, bigger than the usual western pony, and therefore up to their work, and all of his horses will either pack or ride; so that we were able to have four fresh horses a day and then not work a horse again for three or four days, as he had twenty-two horses in the outfit. I never could see how a horse could be as sure-footed or go in places these horses did, for in the course of bear hunting we crossed every divide from Eagle Creek to Elk Fork, six in number, pretty well up toward headwater and without a trail other than game trails, and only one horse went down on the trip, and that was in fording a deep stream. As an instance of their hardihood, we jumped one bear at 11 a m., followed him on horseback until 5 p. m., a part of which time we lost the dogs and spent a couple of hours before we heard them again; finally got in country we could not ride, tied up the horses, who were soaking wet, went on for an hour on foot, and killed the bear at 6 p. m. By the time we had dressed him it began to get dark, with the result that we lost our horses, laid out all night on the top of a mountain, and in the morning, when we found the horses, none of them were stiff or sore, although there had been a hard frost in the night.

The dogs of course deserve the chief credit. Goff has a splendid pack, which is thoroughly broken not to run deer, elk, or sheep. The hounds of course do the main work, from the time the bear track is picked up until the bear is jumped, but they are not keen to go in and fight, and unless you have something that will do this, and do it sufficiently vigorously to retard progress, there is not much chance of keeping up with them on horseback and getting a shot at the bear. This is where the fighting pack becomes all important, and it is the most difficult thing to get a dog properly adapted to the work. He must be willing to run for an hour or so with the hounds, with only anticipation to help him along, until the bear is jumped. Then he must have not only pluck enough to go in and fight, but intelligence enough to know the only chance a dog has with a bear is to take an occasional nip, and then get out of the way; and, further, he must have sufficient size and bone to be able to keep up with the hounds over a big, rough country.

We had almost everything in the pack: Mongrel bull terriers, stag hounds (a cross between a stag hound and a bull terrier), an old English sheep dog (a cross between a fox terrier and a shepherd), who, by the way, was the greatest hunter and gamest dog I ever saw. He had had his thigh broken by a grizzly six months before, and while with us was bitten through the face, but, with only three legs, he was always at the head of the fighting pack. We had some Irish terriers and six Airedales. The bull terriers go in and take hold and get killed. The stag hounds won't stay long with the hounds unless the bear is properly jumped. Only occasionally will a mongrel develop the proper qualities. The Irish terriers are too small to properly run the country, but the big, sturdy Airedales are just

Photo by Alan D. Wilson, Philadelphia

FIVE HOUNDS OF MR JOHN B. GOFF'S PACK

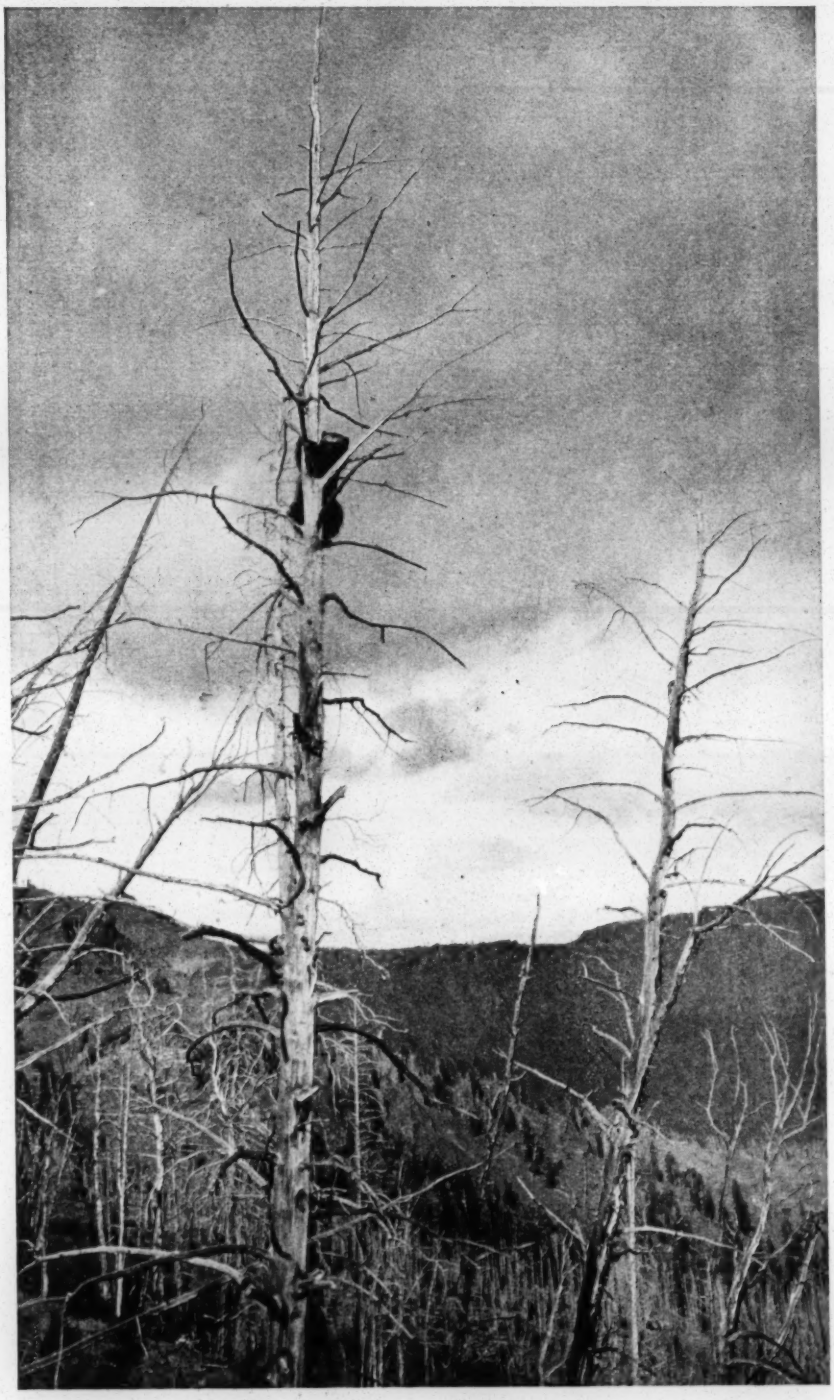


Photo by Alan D. Wilson, Philadelphia

WOLVERINE CLIMBING A TREE TO ESCAPE PURSUING DOGS

Photo by Alan D. Wilson, Philadelphia

BEAR CLIMBING A TREE TO ESCAPE PURSUING DOGS

Photo by Alan D. Wilson, Philadelphia

THE FISH HAWK CREEK BEAR

the dogs for the work. They have a surprisingly good nose—good enough to run a trail themselves if it is warm—and are therefore interested before the bear is jumped. They will stay all day with the hounds, and instinctively they seem to know just exactly how to fight a bear to get the best results with the least damage to themselves. Added to this, they are as game as a dog can be and are pleasant to have about.

A brown bear which we ran into a hole, where the dogs followed her, punished the dogs severely. There were only eight dogs in at the finish, and every one of them was badly bitten or clawed, except Old Captain, the lead hound of the pack, who wisely would not go in the hole; yet every one of them, after coming out and licking his wounds for a few minutes, went back for more, and after we had finally smoked out the bear, again brought her to bay in the bed of a stream, where Mrs Wilson killed her.

I am sorry that I have no good photograph of the fighting pack, and especially of Don, the little cross between a fox terrier and a shepherd. He looked less like a bear dog than any animal I ever saw, but his courage was really pathetic, for he was sick and miserable from his wounds, but could not be kept at home, and when he got close to a bear, it was perfectly evident that he was seeing "red." Any game looked good to him, however, for on the way home from killing a bear he would joyfully tree squirrels, and then put in the night hunting pack rats and mice.

PERSIA: THE AWAKENING EAST

By W. P. Cresson

The following article is abstracted from a new book on Persia just published by Messrs J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, entitled "Persia, the Awakening East," by W. P. Cresson. Persia, one of the oldest kingdoms in the world, is now undergoing a complete transformation in administration and in commercial life, so that this admirable volume is particularly useful at the present time. The author recently spent several months in Persia, being the guest of the American Minister to Teheran, and had exceptional opportunities for seeing the country. Particularly good chapters are: The Religions of Persia; A Visit to the Sacred City of Kum; Hawking in Persia; Bagdad of Today; A Pilgrimage to Kerbela; The Persian Gulf. The article is copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott Co.*

WE entered Persia by way of the Caspian, stopping first, however, at the wonderful Russian oil-fields at Baku, near the Persian frontier. Marco Polo, in his fascinating book of travels, speaks of them as follows:

"On the confines towards Georgianna there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, insomuch that a hundred ship-loads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but it is good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all countries around have they no other oil."

The oil-fields were exploited many centuries before the arrival of the Russians, but it is only within the last twenty years that the commerce in naphtha has become the most important industry of the Caucasus. Good Sir Marco would have been surprised to know that future generations would find in his "burning spring" a mine of riches compared to

* Pp. 300. Illustrated. $3.50.

which the treasures of Golconda pale into insignificance, and that on the desert near by would arise a great city, peopled by a restless throng of wealth-seekers drawn from every corner of the globe.

The drive from the railway station to the oil-fields lay along a slippery road, deep with oily mud, into which our conveyance sank almost to the hub. By the wayside, half-naked Tatars were busily skimming the waste oil from the surface of slimy pools and rivulets, and our guide told us that even at this miserable business they make an excellent profit. To touch foot to the ground meant irretrievable ruin to boots and clothing, so that every one (even the natives) rode, and a file of rickety vehicles stretched in a continuous procession along the narrow highway. Every form of wheeled conveyance was represented, from spring wagons of American make to high Turcoman carts set on enormous wheels often eight feet or more in diameter.

The surface of the country surrounding the oil-fields seemed literally to exude crude petroleum, and the stench from the slough through which we were slowly traveling was indescribable, although fortunately by this time we were beginning to grow accustomed to the odor.

As we approached nearer, the clank of pulleys and windlass filled the air. In every one of the tall timber pyramids that covered the mouth of the narrow "borings" a Tatar workman watched the simple mechanism that lets down a long metal bucket into the bowels of the earth and draws it up filled with crude petroleum mixed with water and sand. Within recent years American tools and methods have increased the output of the wells a hundred-fold. The present system of boring is copied from the methods used in the Pennsylvania oil-fields, and many of the engineers who direct the operation for the Russian companies are Americans or Englishmen. In the old days, under the reign of the petroleum monopoly, the Russian concessionaires were content to confine their operations to enlarging the natural wells and springs of naphtha which rise to the surface of the earth all over the plateau of Bala-Khané.

But with the advent of foreigners these primitive methods have been abandoned. The wells are now sunk far down through sand and rock in search of rich strata and fresh beds of oil sand, and the costly instruments used represent the triumph of years of Yankee ingenuity and experience in the oil-fields of the New World. In spite of fears to the contrary, there appears no end to the supply of crude petroleum. Even at the time of their maximum output, the flow of oil from the wells of Baku was apparently undiminished. Under the plateau of Bala-Khané lies an underground sea of naphtha, and in some places but a few yards of oil-soaked earth covers this natural reservoir. Once the "crust" has been pierced by the drill, the oil comes gushing of its own accord to the surface, driven by the force of natural gases. Just before the riots of 1905, the yearly output of the oil-wells of Baku amounted to more than twelve and one-half million tons of refined oil, and the most important problem confronting the oil companies was that of mutually limiting their output in order to keep the price at a profitable figure.

During our visit we had an opportunity to view at close quarters the wild hordes of Tatar workmen employed in the oil-fields. A more abject and degraded lot of human beings it would be difficult to find anywhere on the face of the earth. Their villages of mud huts were set down on the treeless, sandy plain, far enough away from the wells for them to light their cooking fires in safety, and here we found the stench of oil, added to the all-pervading odors of Oriental housekeeping, almost overpowering. Some of the foreign companies make a pretense of housing their workmen in long wooden sheds, which are forcibly cleaned at rare intervals, but by far the greater number live in rough en-

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HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY MOHAMMED ALI, SHAH OF PERSIA, WEARING THE KAJAR

Photo and Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, THE CROWN PRINCE OF PERSIA

Photo and Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE ANDEROOM PALACE

The home of the Shah's harem, where each wife and favorite has her own household establishment, thus forming a big family of several hundred women

campments, where they are at liberty to satisfy their own ideals of comfort and sanitation.

Most of these workmen in the oil-fields are Mohammedans, and, strange to say, their piety is a source of constant annoyance to their employers. In view of the recent controversy in the American newspapers concerning the oil-"tainted" contributions of a well-known magnate to the funds of a foreign missionary society, the following incident of our visit to the oil-fields of Bala-Khané may not be without interest. As we were being shown through the pumping-house belonging to a Russian company, our guide, a sturdy Dutchman from the oil-fields of Pennsylvania, suddenly came upon a Tatar workman lying prostrate, his face toward Mecca, on a strip of greasy carpet among the idle machinery. Without giving him time to struggle to his feet, our friend raised him more suddenly than gently with a well-applied kick:

"Choist look at dese fellows!" he exclaimed, indignantly; "ve haf to vatch dem or dey pray de whole tam time!"

"Vat mit Mohammedan feast days and Russian saints' days ve get no work done at all. Vat ve need is a cargo of good missionaries to convert de whole tam lot." he added vindictively.

Here is a new aspect of the missionary question, which has, perhaps, never been given proper consideration at home!

Shortly after the commencement of the Japanese war a general strike broke out at Baku, and the wild workmen of Bala-Khané marched on the town, leaving behind them, in place of the scene of busy industry I have described, the fire-blackened ruins of a few pump-houses and the burning craters of hundreds of oil-wells. Thus in the short space of a few hours the petroleum industry of Baku was literally wiped from the face of the earth. But while the oil-fields have never recovered their former productiveness, the damage is now being gradually repaired, and Russian oil once more supplies the markets of southern Europe and the middle East.

RUSSIAN ENTERPRISE IN NORTHERN PERSIA

The road leading from the shores of the Caspian to the capital of Persia has been open to general traffic for several years. Considered merely as a financial investment, the million and a half dollars expended by the Russians in building this fine highway may seem out of all proportion to the returns, but there can be no question as to the important part it has played in forwarding Russian interests in northern Persia. Its fame has gone abroad through every caravansary of the middle East, and where a railroad would have disturbed a host of ancient customs and privileges dear to the inhabitants of the country, this new way has only lightened the difficulties and hardships that once beset travelers and traffic on the old caravan road. New villages are springing up everywhere along the route, and the Russians take good care that the inhabitants should know that to Russian enterprise alone this happy change in their fortunes is due.

The engineering work of the Resht post-road has been carried out in a thoroughly durable manner. Often hewn from the solid rock of the mountain side or crossing deep ravines by girder bridges of the most modern construction, it forms a striking example of the Russian policy of "peaceful penetration" that owes its inception to the real "strong man" of Russia, Serge de Witte.

Following the natural path of least resistance, sometimes high above us on the mountain side, sometimes winding along the valley below, I could make out the fading gray streak of what was once the old Persian caravan track. From time immemorial this ancient road had been the great commercial highway between the shores of the Black Sea and the rich provinces of northern Persia. Most of the trade of Khorassan still follows this route until it reaches the Russian railways in the Caucasus, while merchandise transported from Russia is sold in every bazaar as far as the Afghan frontier.

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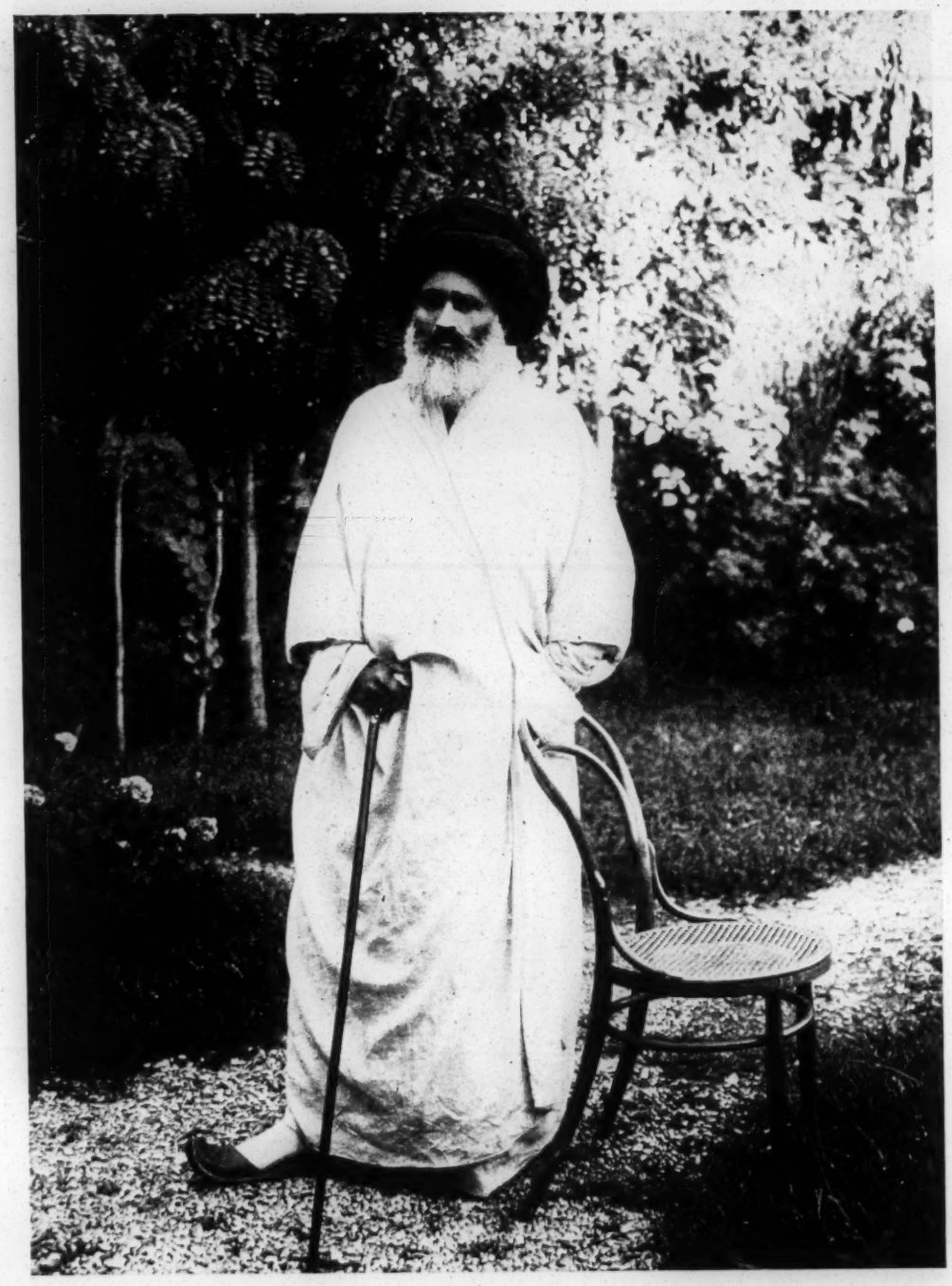
ARMENIAN GIRLS OF THE PROVINCE OF URUMIAH, WHERE THE PERSIAN DISTURBANCES WERE GREATEST



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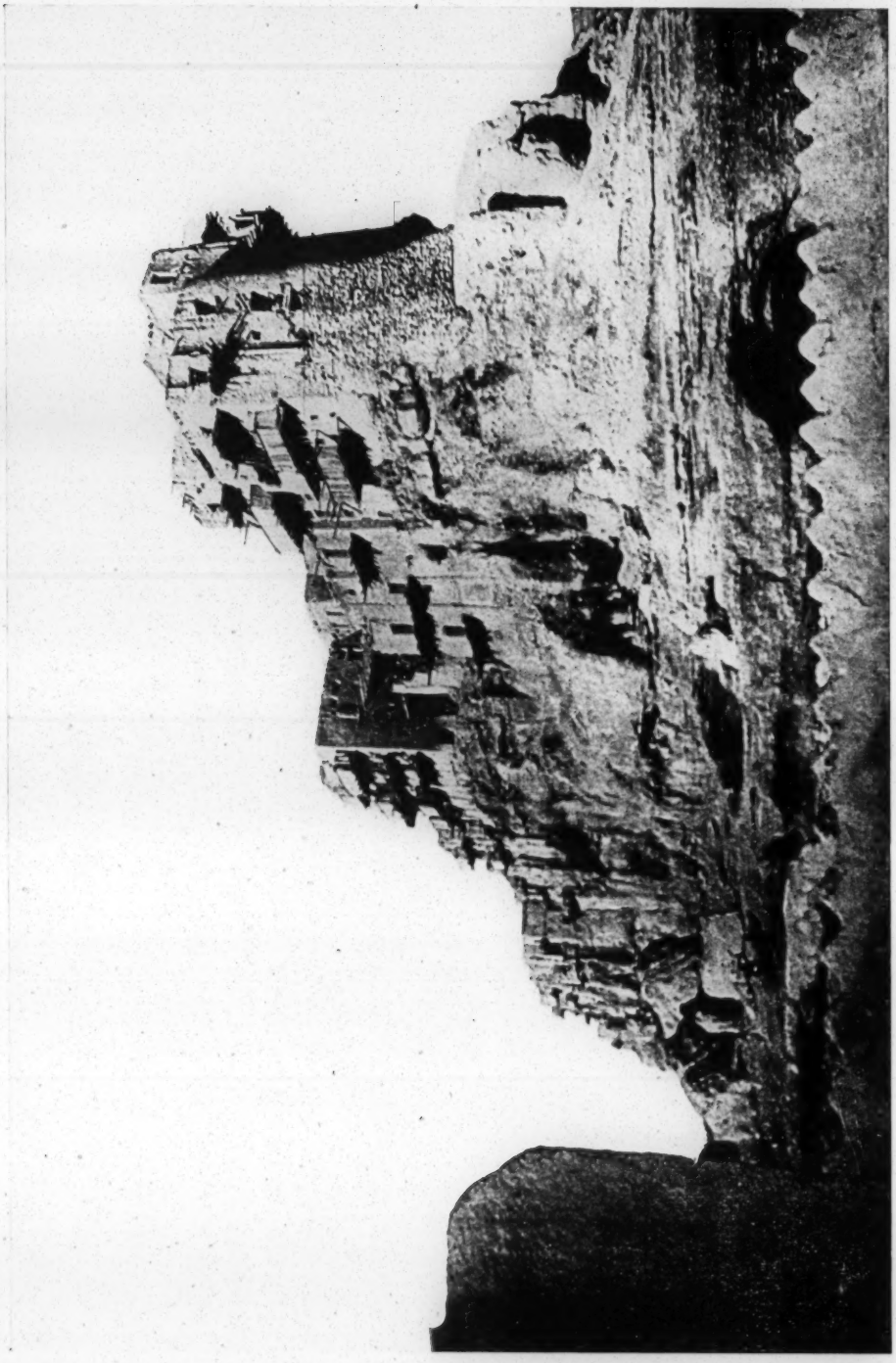
THE HIGH PRIEST SEYED ABDOLLAH MOSHTEHID, OF TEHERAN



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AN ANCIENT PERSIAN VILLAGE NEAR THE TURKISH FRONTIER

The post carriages and four-wheeled freight wagons brought from Europe are still comparatively rare, and the greater part of the merchandise is carried by means of caravans and droves of pack animals. During our first day's journey we passed thousands of camels traveling in long files stretching sometimes for a quarter of a mile without a break, each fastened by a long cord attached to a ring fixed in its supercilious nose to the saddle of the one ahead. The Bactrian camels used on these cold mountain trails of northern Persia are very different in appearance from the gaunt, apocalyptic beasts seen in the deserts of Egypt. Indeed, the true Bactrian is a very handsome animal (judged at least by the standards of camel beauty), his neck and shoulders covered with a long growth of soft brown hair, which hides the rude outlines of his powerful frame. A good Persian camel is capable of carrying with ease a load of a thousand pounds, and as they are often the whole fortune of their owners, they are treated with the best of care and attention.

THROUGH A DESERT LAND

Now and again the white gleam of a salt marsh, seen on the horizon, or the pearly mist of a distant mirage would persuade us that we were approaching the life-giving presence of water—an illusion which receded or disappeared on our nearer approach.

The traveler, read in the poetry and literature of the Golden East, soon learns to appreciate the Oriental's point of view in judging the beauties of nature. Compared to the verdant scenery of Europe, there is little to admire in the landscape of northern Persia; yet these lonely wastes are not without a certain wild beauty of their own. The great drama of morning and evening tints the desert with wonderful hues that shift and blend like the changing colors of the sea, and in the fierce light of noonday strange cloud shadows play across its surface, relieving the monotonous uniformity of rock and sand.

Contrast, indeed, is the keynote of desert life. No gardens have ever seemed to me half so beautiful as some walled inclosure, filled with scanty rows of orange and lemon trees, found at the end of a long day's ride across the arid Persian plain. No fruit has ever had so rare a taste as the little yellow citrons brought us by Persian peasants, in some dusty caravansary, as we lay resting our weary limbs among our saddle-bags on the hard mud floor.

To the poets of Persia we owe the common impression that their beloved country is a land of gardens and flowers. Their Oriental imagination has woven a veil of romance about the "Fields of Iran," while throughout the greater part of the Shah's dominions the very reverse of this legend of fertility is nearer the truth. The life of the Persian peasant is one long struggle with the adverse forces of nature. Such rare cultivation as we saw depended entirely on artificial irrigation by means of underground channels leading to distant reservoirs among the mountains that generations of toilers have hollowed out with infinite pains, often hundreds of feet below the level of the land. The few villages that we passed were miserable collections of mud huts whose inhabitants earned a precarious existence by trading with the travelers along the caravan road.

A CITY OF CONTRASTS

The sentimental traveler visiting Teheran for the first time, who expects to find in the Shah's capital some fabulous city of the "Arabian Nights," is destined to be disappointed. Persia has long since awakened from her golden dream of the past. Like Japan, the Land of the Lion and the Sun has fallen under the spell of Western ideas, and the Persian of today is striving to adapt his ancient civilization to the ways and customs of Europe with the same energy and lack of discrimination that characterize the victorious sons of Nippon.

In Persian eyes, at least, Teheran is a

European city. The wide streets and tree-lined avenues of the newer quarter of the town date from the reign of Shah Nasr-ed-Din, grandfather of the present Shah, who returned from a visit to Europe fired with the ambition of transforming his capital into an Oriental Paris. But the Persian of the lower classes is a fanatical conservative; the strange madness that drives his rulers to leave the blessed shores of Iran to wander in infidel lands beyond the seas seems to him wholly foreign and distasteful. The Shahs of the present dynasty have spent large sums in enlarging and embellishing their capital, and while Teheran can scarcely be said to rival the natural beauties of Shiraz or the architectural splendors of Ispahan, it is now considered the metropolis of Persia.

The climate of this part of the Iranian plateau, varying from extreme heat in summer to bitter cold during the winter months, leaves much to be desired. On account of the high elevation, sudden and violent changes of temperature occur; and I remember witnessing, soon after our arrival, the curious spectacle of a rose garden in full bloom suddenly overwhelmed and buried beneath a fall of early snow. To these discomforts must be added the high winds, which raise clouds of choking dust and sand from the broad unpaved streets during the dry months of the year. Nevertheless, Teheran is a very healthful spot, and in spite of the primitive methods of sanitation still in vogue, the death rate among its population remains comparatively low.

The varied types of humanity that go to make up the population of the "City of Contrasts" are perhaps never seen to such striking advantage as on some sunny winter's day on this favorite promenade of the citizens of Teheran. Threading his way carefully through the streams of traffic, a fat mollah ambles by on a lazy mule, toward the mosque. Next comes a smart young attaché from the foreign legations, on his way to play polo on the Maidan, or a Cossack of the Shah's body-guard, dressed as nearly like a Russian soldier as possible. A court official in a Parisian landau, surrounded by a galloping troop of attendants, goes charging through the crowd, with loud cries of "Kabardah! Kabardah!" ("Make way! make way!"). Next, a wild-eyed dervish adds his loud cries to the general confusion, in an insolent demand for the alms of the Faithful; or a party of Persian women, in baggy black pantaloons, their faces hidden by thick linen masks, pass in single file, under the escort of a negro eunuch. And at intervals the finishing touch is added to this Oriental scene when a tramway, crowded to the roof with native passengers, goes jostling its way through the long files of camels and pack-horses on their way to the bazaars—perhaps the most popular European innovation in the Persian capital.

THE BAZAARS

While the broad streets and squares of the new quarters of Teheran give the many parts of the city quite a European appearance, the older quarters that lie about the bazaar still retain all the characteristics of the Orient. Here, in a labyrinth of narrow lanes and alleyways, where even the oldest Teherani often finds himself at a loss which way to turn, centers the whole commercial life of the city. In Teheran, as in most of the cities of northern Persia, the main bazaar consists of a series of long passageways covered by a roof of vaulted brick-work. Between the buttresses that support the roof are narrow niches which serve as shops and booths, and these again open at the back into great court-yards or "caravansaries," where the goods are stored on their arrival, and where the weary camels and pack animals of the caravan road are stabled after their long journey. Few of the largest of these shops are more than twenty feet square, and the merchant, sitting on a narrow ledge or counter before his booth, is within easy reach of every article in his stock; yet the amount of business transacted in this primitive way is often con-

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A PERSIAN DRUG SHOP AND WELL: TEHERAN

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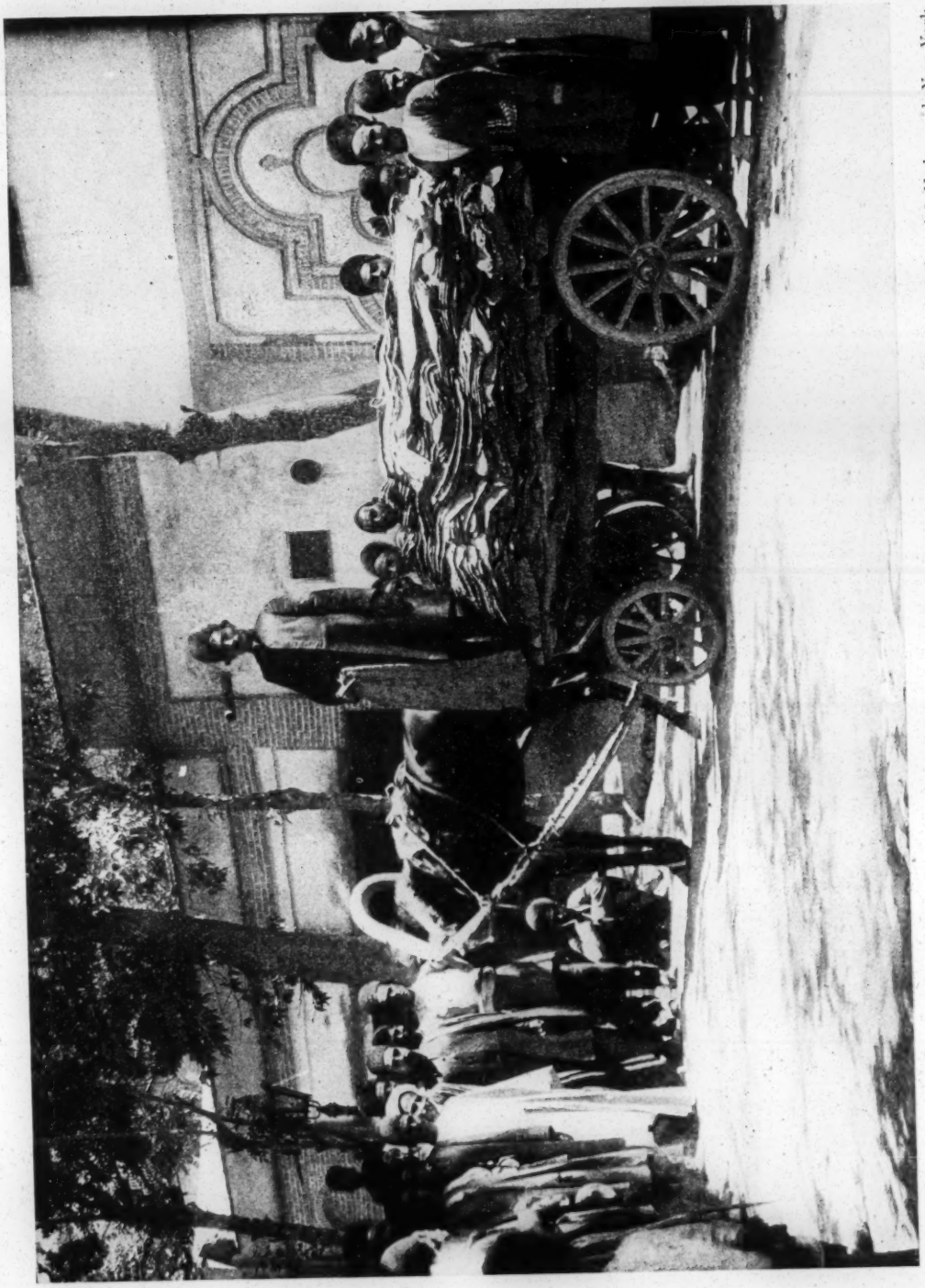
PERSIAN BAKERY TO THE LEFT AND GROCER'S SHOP TO THE RIGHT: TEHERAN

Note the peculiar shape of the flat loaves in the bakery, also seen in the illustration on the following page



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A WAGON LOAD OF BREAD: TEHERAN

Note the long, flat loaf held by the driver of the cart

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A PERSIAN MERCHANT OF SECOND-HAND CLOTHING: TEHERAN

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"KEJAVEHS," THE UNCOMFORTABLE CHAIRS IN WHICH WOMEN AND CHILDREN TRAVEL IN PERSIA
Two of these peculiar chairs are balanced on the back of each pack animal, as shown in the illustration

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A CARAVANSARY OR "HOTEL" ON THE ROAD TO SHIRAZ, PERSIA

Inside its walls is an immense court yard, where travelers are herded indiscriminately with their camels and other beasts of burden. These "hotels" are designed to give the caravans a resting place at night protected from marauders

siderable and many of the bazaar merchants are rich men, judged even by the standard of New York and London.

There are still a few good curios to be picked up in the bazaars; but a majority of the articles exposed for sale are manufactured in Europe, while most of the native rugs and carpets show the regrettable influence of European patterns and aniline dyes. It is unfortunately true that throughout the East today the machine-made products of the unbeliever are everywhere crowding out the fabrics of the old hand worker. Indeed, many famous Oriental industries are fast disappearing, and the native craftsmen work only for export to the European market, while their compatriots prefer the cheaper if less esthetic patterns of the Occident. Thus the fine cloths once manufactured in Resht and Kashan have given way before the products of Manchester and Odessa. Even the coarse canvas-like stuff, the universal dress of the poorer classes in Persia, which was once woven during the winter months on crude native looms, now comes in greater part from the Yankee mills of Connecticut, while New York and Birmingham are as familiar names today in the bazaars of Teheran as were once those of Bokhara and Bagdad.

A whole quarter of the bazaars of Teheran is given over to the sale of European goods, usually of the cheapest and shoddiest description. At one time most of these shops were supplied with English wares, but of late years the Russians have secured for themselves a lion's share of the general trade of northern Persia.

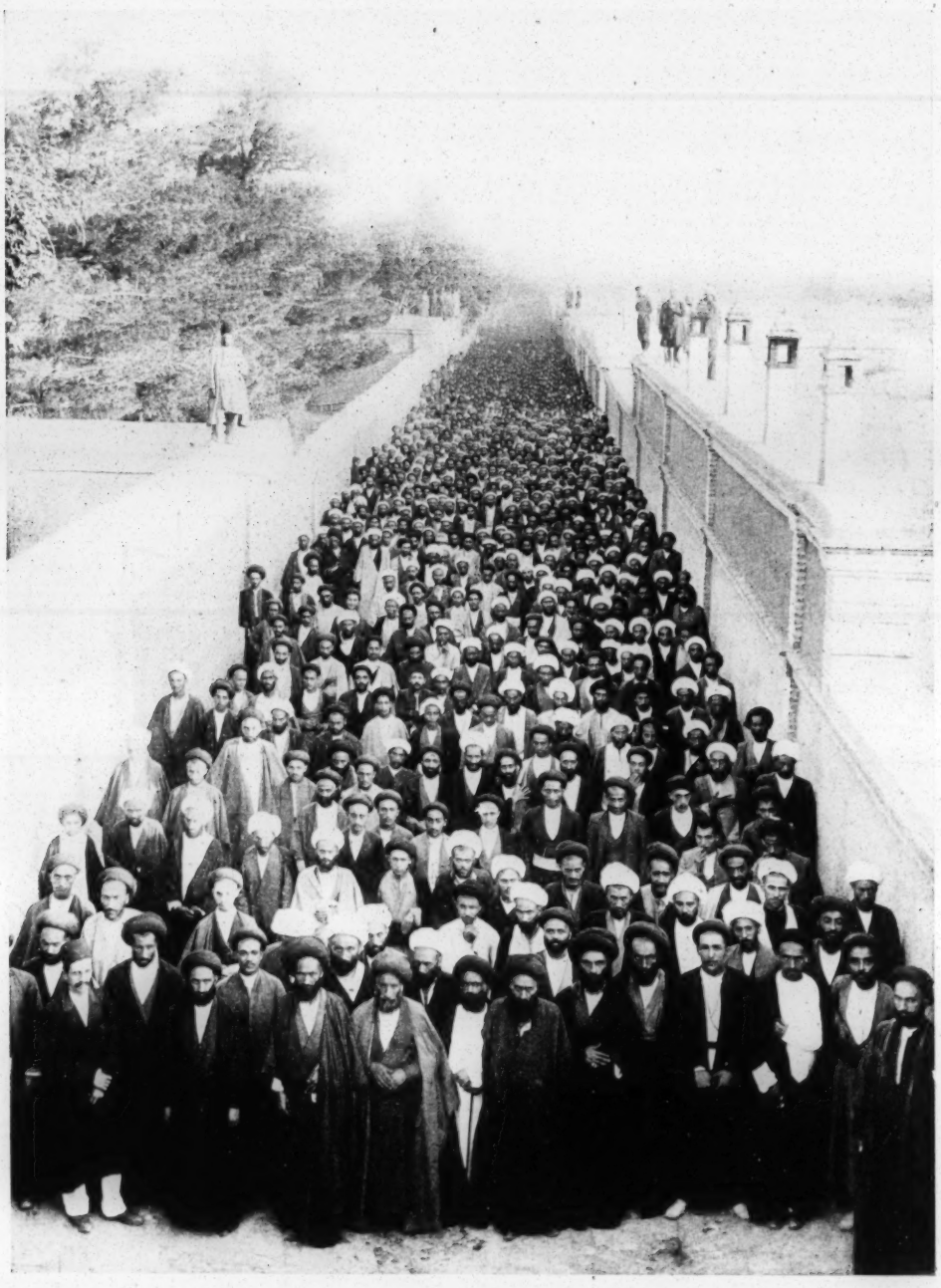
DEMANDS FOR A CONSTITUTION

The strong nationalistic spirit that marks the new era in Persian affairs is one of the most interesting features of the present movement in Persia. It is not among the frock-coated European dandies of the court that we must look for the men who are now taking the leading part in the new agitation for reform. Many of the constitutionalistic leaders wear the flowing robes and white turban of the Mohammedan priesthood. Recently the Liberal Parliament by an overwhelming majority voted to suppress the publication of a Teheran newspaper which had dared to propose the substitution of a new civil code modeled on European lines for the old common law based on the precepts of the Koran. One of the chief causes of popular complaint against the leaders of the Court party is their subserviency to foreign influences and their unpatriotic policy of importing foreign officials into Persia, notably in the case of the customs administration.

The Mutjehids, or religious lawgivers, at one time started in a body for the sacred city of Kerbela as a protest against the fashion in which their advice and demands were ignored by the Court party, and had already proceeded for some distance on their way before the latter were constrained to relent. In the meanwhile the Liberal leaders in Teheran, fearing the vengeance of the troops in the pay of the government, had taken refuge in the compound of the British legation, where, according to treaty rights, they were safe against arrest or persecution. It was reported at the time that no less than 13,000 inhabitants of Teheran had thus thrown themselves on the mercy of a foreign government.

Alarmed by this determined though pacific resistance, and by the sympathetic attitude of a large part of the population, the late Shah's advisers at last decided to yield, and a manifesto was issued in the name of Muzaffar-ed-Din calling for a duma, or popular assembly. The document summoning the first Persian Parliament was worded as follows:

"The Shah, since his accession to the throne, has always had the intention to introduce real and efficient reforms in all the departments of the state, so as to further the well-being of his people. For this purpose His Majesty has now decided that a national council shall be formed at Teheran, composed of representatives of the Kajar princes (the



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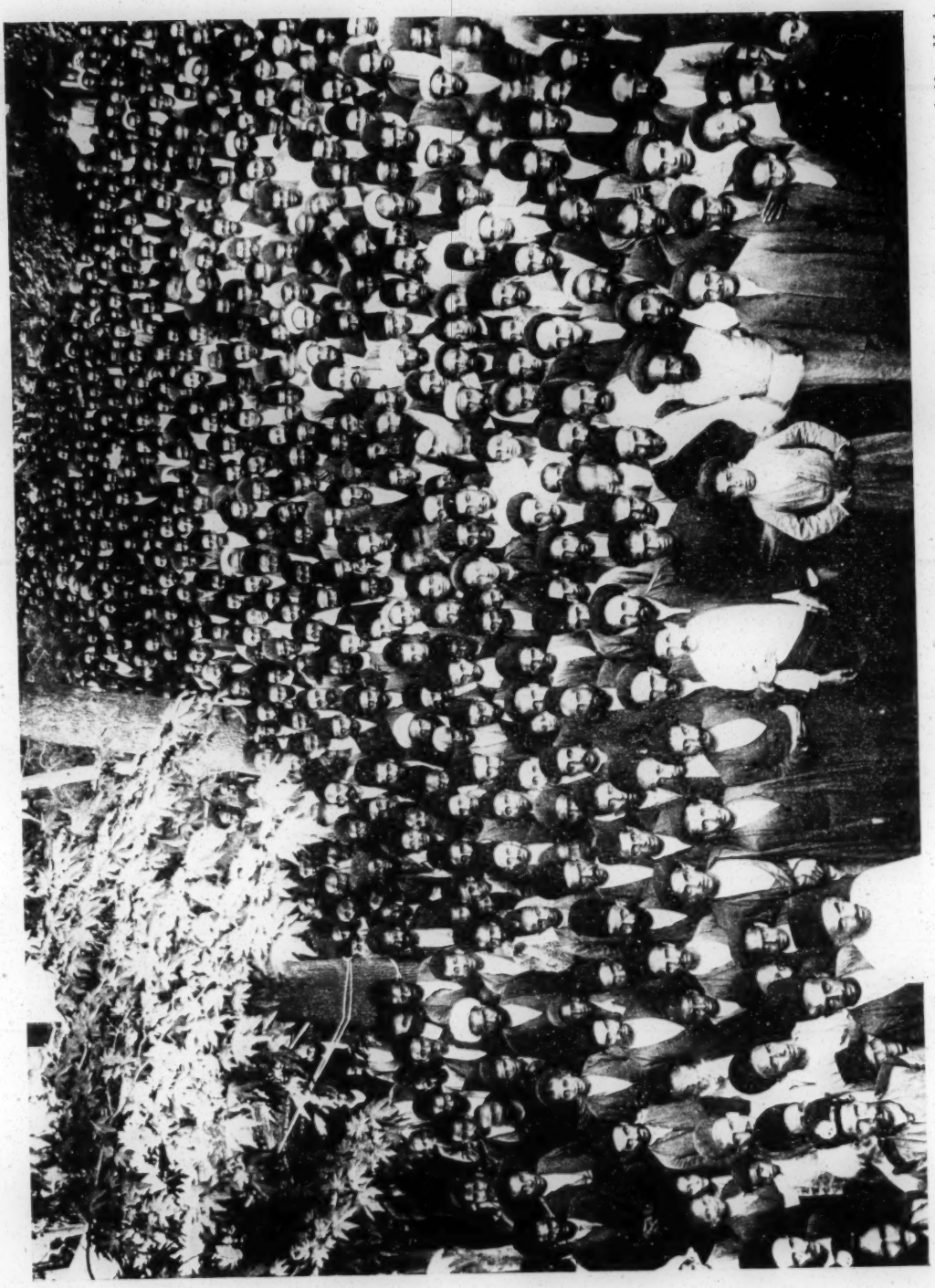
CROWD OF PERSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS

Who, fearing the vengeance of the royal troops, took refuge in the British Legation in Teheran in 1906, and insisted on remaining there until the Shah gave them a Parliament



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CROWDS OF REFUGEES AT THE BRITISH LEGATION DURING THE AGITATION FOR A CONSTITUTION

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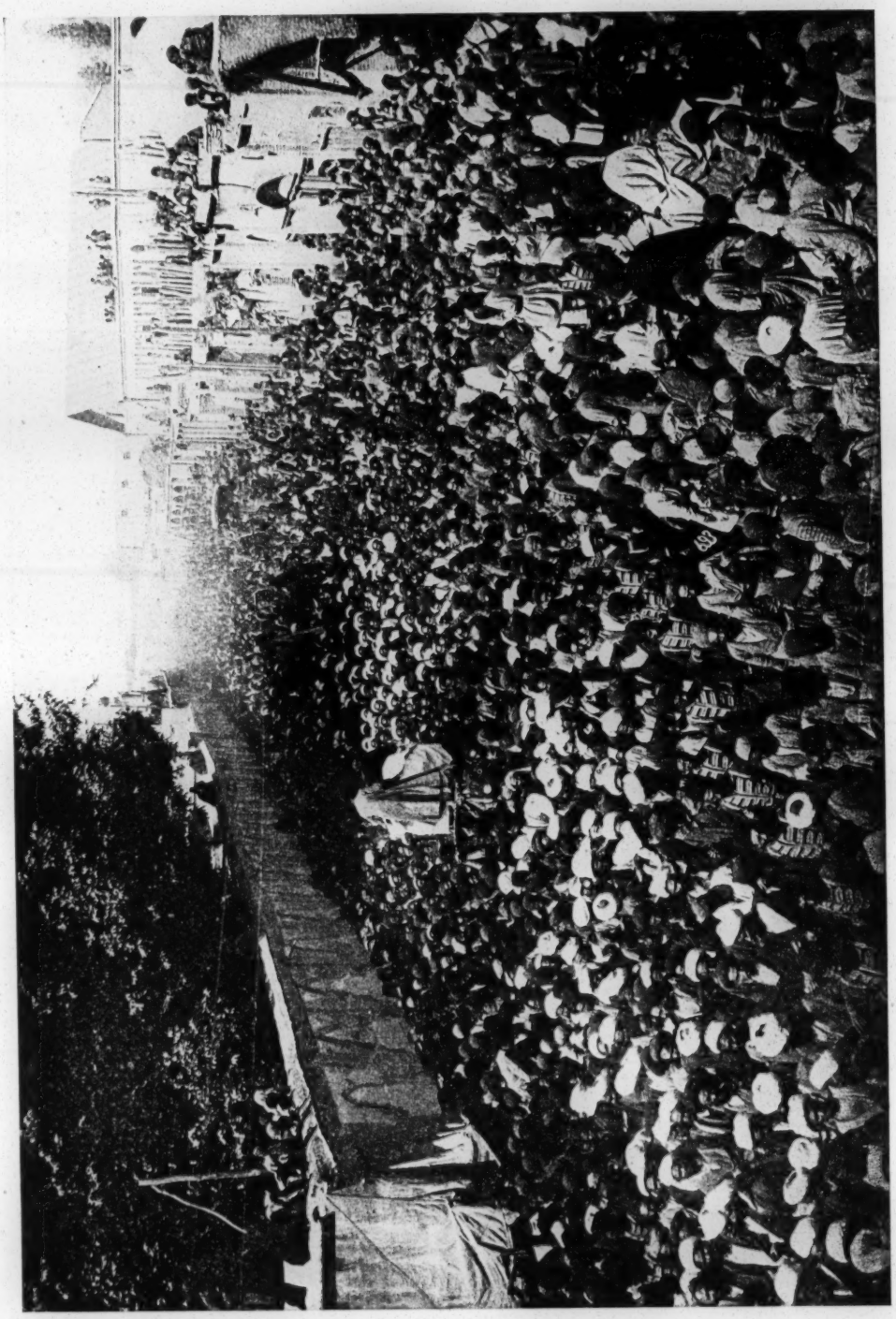
MOHAMMEDAN HIGH PRIESTS, LEADERS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL REVOLT IN TEHERAN

To one unacquainted with Persia, the strangest feature of the recent revolution is the fact that the leaders in demanding a Parliament and other reforms were not the men who had traveled and studied abroad, but the priests and lawgivers. The Parliament and other rights were obtained without bloodshed (see pages 373 and 379).



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FUNERAL OF A PERSIAN HIGH PRIEST: TEHERAN

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COPPER VESSELS USED FOR THE COOKING OF FOOD FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL REFUGEES AT THE BRITISH LEGATION

royal tribe), clergy, nobles, merchants, and tradesmen. These representatives will be elected by their peers. The national council shall deliberate on all important affairs of state, and shall have the power and right to express its views with freedom and full confidence in regard to all reforms which may be necessary to the welfare of the country. The result of the deliberations of the council shall be submitted through the intermediary of the First Minister of State to the Shah for His Majesty's signature, and shall then be carried into effect. The rules of procedure of the national council shall be drawn up with the approval of the members and shall receive the Shah's signature. The council, after determining its rules of procedure, shall then begin to give effect to the sacred laws of Islam and to introduce the necessary reforms."

Thus was accomplished, by an almost bloodless revolution, the same laudable ends that ended in disastrous failure, after months of rapine and outrage, just across the border in "civilized" and "Christian" Russia! Certainly an encouraging and instructive sign of the march of events in the "awakening East."

The first Persian national convention was made up of delegates from all over Persia, but most came from the northern provinces, where constant contact with the restless population of the Caucasus had familiarized the people with the principles of liberty and popular government. While not elected by popular suffrage, this body undoubtedly represented the will of the more enlightened and progressive inhabitants of the country, especially in the great centers of population, Tabriz, Teheran, and Ispahan.

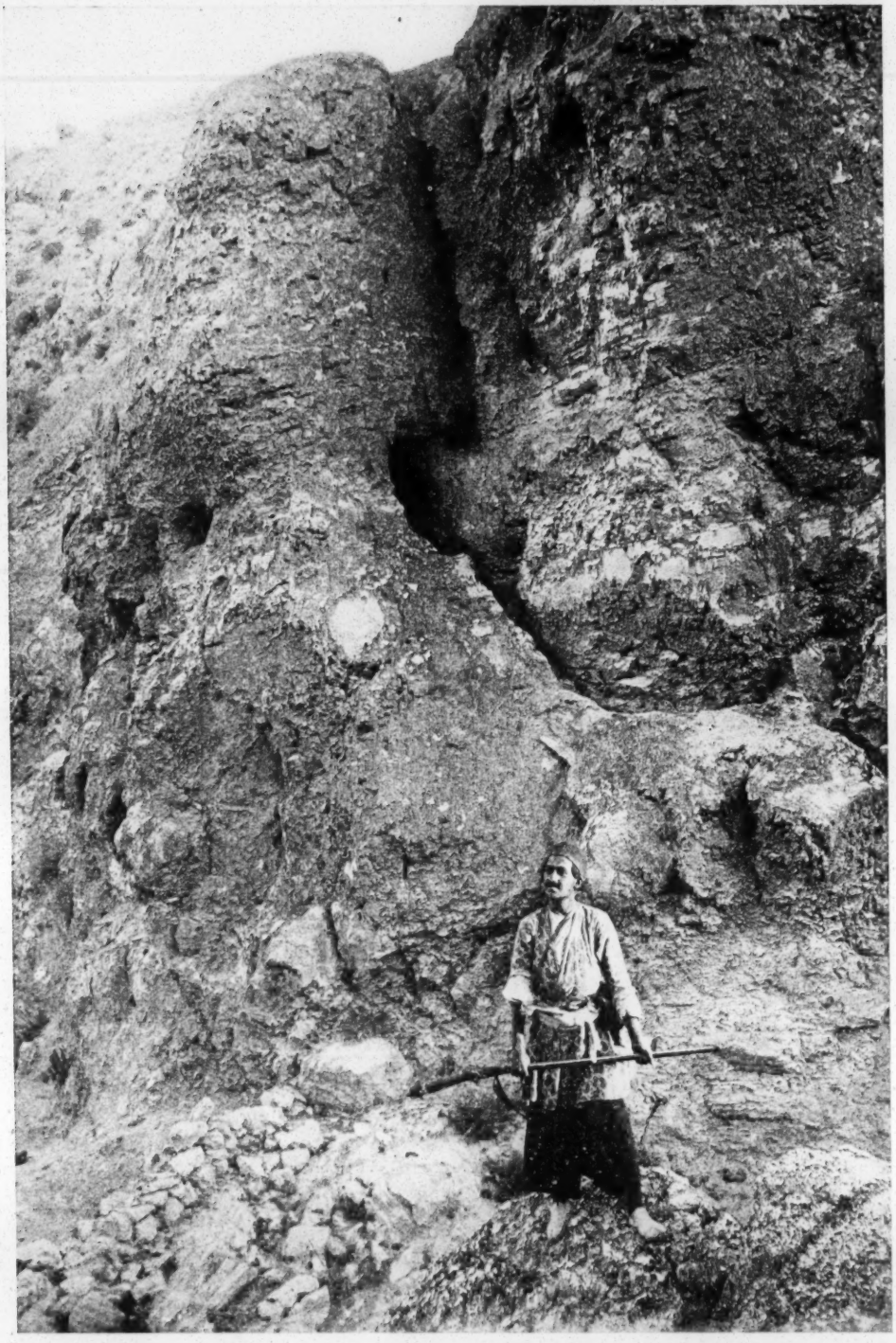
RESULTS OF THE PARLIAMENT

Taking into account the extraordinary circumstances that made the first national assembly a possibility, and the apathy of by far the greater number of the Shah's subjects where their personal liberties are concerned, the work accomplished by the Persian Parliament after a little more than a year of existence is noteworthy and promising. As in past years, the financial condition of the kingdom leaves much to be desired.

The Shah's entourage have succeeded in shifting to the shoulders of the people's representatives the constantly recurring question of how to raise revenue with every natural resource long since hypothecated in favor of foreign creditors. It must be remembered, however, that Persia's unfortunate financial situation is largely the result of the follies and extravagances of a previous regime, and the present misfortunes that threaten the credit of the country have their root in reckless borrowing and improvidence, lasting over a period of twenty years or more.

Hopeful signs of internal improvement are noticeable all over Persia, especially in the northern provinces, where the towns and villages have taken steps to form local municipal assemblies modeled on European lines. Attempts are being made in many provinces to inaugurate a fair system of taxation, and the people are beginning to realize that the passing of the iniquitous system of tax "farming" means the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the poor as well as the rich.

Among other signs of the awakening interest of Persian people in the affairs of their country is the sudden and remarkable growth of the Persian press. In place of the old "Moniteur Official," Teheran can now boast of no less than four daily and thirty weekly papers. Most of these are rabidly progressive in their tone, nor can their influence be said to be wholly beneficial to the cause they support. Nevertheless it is a promising sign that the absolute apathy toward public affairs which was a characteristic trait only a few years ago is giving place to a new sense of social responsibility.



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A MOUNTAINEER OF SOUTH PERSIA, NEAR BUSHIRE, ON THE PERSIAN GULF

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AN ARISTOCRATIC YOUNG PERSIAN LADY

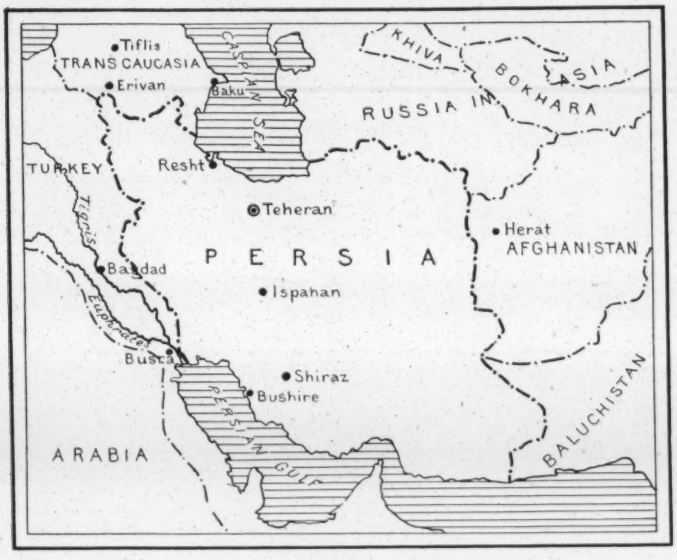
Photo from "Persia: the Awakening East," by W. P. Cresson

FERRY-BOATS AT BAGDAD, ON THE TIGRIS

Photo from "Persia: the Awakening East," by W. P. Cresson

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BOATS USED AT BAGDAD

As shown in the picture, these boats are built of wicker-work and then covered with cement. They are propelled by long single-bladed paddles, usually one boatman to each vessel



OUTLINE MAP OF PERSIA

CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has invited the President of the National Geographic Society, Dr Willis L. Moore, as its representative, to take part in the conference to be held at the White House in May for the Conservation of our Natural Resources.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, *March* 14, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR: Recently I invited the governors of the states and territories to meet in the White House on May 13–15 next in a conference on the Conservation of Natural Resources. In issuing the invitation I expressed the opinion that there is urgent need of taking stock of our resources, and I added my belief that the conference ought to take rank among the more important meetings in the history of the country.

The replies to the invitation have been most gratifying. They indicate that practically all the governors, each with three special advisers, will attend the conference. The Senators and Representatives of the Sixtieth Congress, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and the members of the Cabinet have also been invited to take part; and the Inland Waterways Commission, which suggested the conference, will be present to reply to inquiries and make record of the proceedings. A limited number of leading associations of national scope, concerned with our natural resources, will be invited to send one representative each to take part in the discussions. The general purpose of the conference is indicated on pages 24–26 of the preliminary report of the Waterways Commission.

I invite the coöperation of the National Geographic Society in bringing this matter before the people; and it gives me added pleasure to invite you as President of the Society, to take part in the conference.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

President WILLIS L. MOORE,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Every student of geography keenly appreciates the importance of the conference called by the President, and hopes for lasting results from the meeting. The National Geographic Society for many years through its Magazine has endeavored to stimulate interest in the great natural factors and problems of this country. It is always glad to coöperate in any movement to conserve our animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth for future generations.

THE NOME GOLD FIELDS

IN Bulletin No. 328, just issued by the United States Geological Survey, Mr Alfred H. Brooks, in charge of the division of Alaskan mineral resources, describes the rapid industrial changes in Seward Peninsula, Alaska:

"A decade ago Seward Peninsula was little more than a barren waste, unpeopled except for a few hundred Eskimos and a score of white men; now it is the scene of intense commercial activity, supporting a permanent population of 3,000 or 4,000 people, which in summer is more than doubled. Then the igloo of the Eskimos and a mission were the only permanent habitations; now a well-built town with all the adjuncts of civilization looks out on Bering Sea, and a dozen smaller settlements are scattered through the peninsula. This region,

which then produced only a few furs, now increases the wealth of the world annually by nearly $8,000,000. A decade ago the only communication with the civilized world was through the annual visit of the Arctic whaling fleet and the revenue cutter; now a score of ocean liners ply between Nome and Puget Sound during the summer months, and even in winter a weekly mail service is maintained by dog teams. Moreover, military telegraph lines, cables, and wireless systems, and a private telephone system keep all parts of the peninsula in close touch with the outer world. Railways connecting some of the inland mining centers with tide-water traverse regions which a few years ago were almost unknown to white men. This industrial improvement is the result of the discovery and exploitation of gold deposits."

As there has been but one successful attempt at auriferous lode mining in this region, practically all the gold production—approximately $37,000,000 in the nine years from 1898 to 1907—has been taken from the placers, and it is the geologic and industrial history of these placers which is discussed in this report.

Compared with the output of the California placers, which are estimated to have yielded in two years (1851 to 1853) $62,000,000, and of the Klondike placers, whose output in the first decade is valued at $118,000,000, the production of the Seward Peninsula placer mines is small. A rough outline map in Mr Brooks's report illustrates approximately the relative size of the gold-bearing areas of the three regions and his comparison is most interesting:

"The auriferous gravels of California * * * probably cover an area about equal to that occupied by the auriferous gravels of Seward Peninsula, but the Klondike gold field is probably less than one-tenth as large. The California placers are not only ideally located for economic exploitation, but their gold content averaged no less than that of the Seward Peninsula gravels. Moreover, the high gravels of California are far more extensive than those of the Alaska field. With abundant water supply, steep stream gradients, heavy gravel deposits, accessibility, and salubrious climate, it is no wonder that the California placers far outstripped the northern field in the first years of production.

"The Klondike, on the other hand, is less favorably situated than Seward Peninsula, and its water supply available for mining is much less. It appears, however, that the placers of such creeks as Eldorado and Bonanza, in the Klondike, averaged richer than any deposits of similar extent yet found in the peninsula. It was the exploitation of these almost fabulously rich and relatively shallow gravels that brought the Klondike gold output up with a bound, and it is their quick exhaustion that has caused an almost equally rapid decline of the annual yield. There are still extensive bodies of lower-grade gravels to mine in the Klondike, but these can be developed only by means of extensive water conduits or by dredging. Mining in the Klondike has passed its zenith, whereas in Seward Peninsula the maximum yearly output is still to be reached.

"In the comparison of the Seward Peninsula placer fields with others, it must be borne in mind that probably three-fourths of the entire production has been drawn from the region adjacent to Nome and from Ophir Creek and its tributaries. Therefore, though the gold-bearing area is large, yet only a few square miles have been extensively exploited * * * and it is probable that it will be some time before the maximum yield will be attained."

The report from which the above extracts are made contains, in addition to papers by Mr Brooks, papers by Messrs A. J. Collier, F. L. Hess, and P. S. Smith. It includes several maps and other illustrations.

GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS

THE Geographical Society of Geneva has sent to the National Geographic Society a limited number of preliminary programs in French of the

Photo by E. D. Follwell, Korea

"MERRY WIDOW" HATS SIX FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE

Worn by the well-to-do young of all classes and by middle-aged women of the higher class in Korea

Ninth International Geographic Congress, which will be held in Geneva, Switzerland, July 27 to August 6. Members of the National Geographic Society who are expecting to be in Europe the coming summer, and who would like to attend the Congress, will be furnished with copies of this program upon request. The delegates of the National Geographic Society to the Congress are Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N.; Prof. James Howard Gore, of George Washington University, both of whom are members of the Board of Managers; Prof. Simon Newcomb, Dr Anita Newcomb McGee, and Dr David T. Day, U. S. Geological Survey.

NEW TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS.

During January and February, 1908, the United States Geological Survey issued new topographic maps as follows:

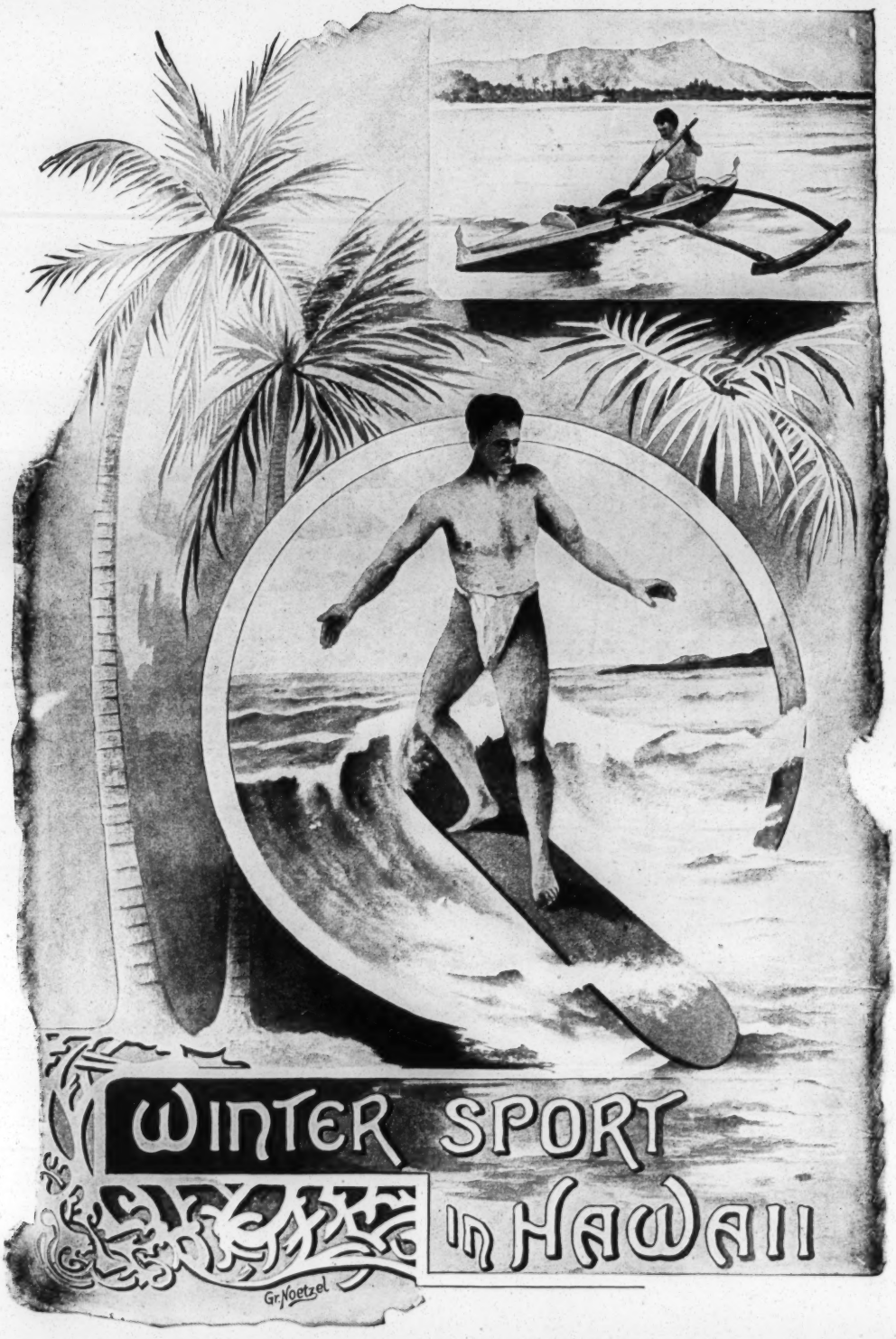
State.	Quadrangle.
Illinois	Breese
Kentucky	Morganfield
Minnesota	Minnetonka
Ohio	Ravenna
Ohio-West Virginia	Pomeroy
Pennsylvania	Johnstown
Texas	El Paso
Virginia	Natural Bridge Special
West Virginia	Kenna
Do.	Keno
Do.	Otter
Do.	Walton

With the exception of the Minnetonka (Minn.), Natural Bridge Special (Va.), and El Paso (Tex.) sheets, these maps represent coöperative surveys made by the State and Federal governments.

Reprints were also issued of the following sheets, the first editions of which had been exhausted:

State.	Quadrangle.
Arizona	Kaibab
California	Sierraville
District of Columbia	Washington
Florida	Williston
Illinois	Dunlap
Do.	Ottawa
Maryland	Betterton
Mass.-N. H.	Newburyport
Missouri	Marshall
New Jersey-Delaware	Bayside
New York-Connecticut	Oyster Bay
North Carolina	Statesville
Pennsylvania	Millerstown
Tennessee	Louden
Do.	Morristown
Virginia	Roanoke

The maps listed above are for sale by the Survey at 5 cents each except the Washington sheet, which, being double the size of the others, costs 10 cents.



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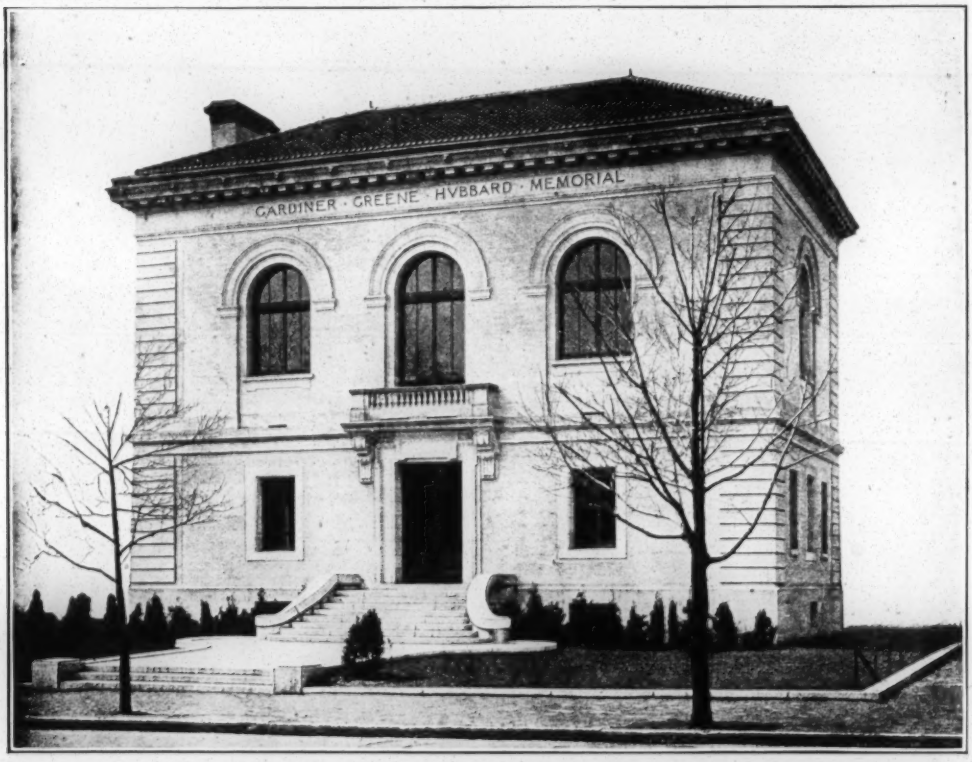
The Intercontinental Endurance Test for Automobiles

THE New York-to-Paris race, in which are competing cars of French, German, Italian, and one of American manufacture, mark the great forward stride in the perfecting of motor-propelled vehicles. The illustration shows equipped and ready to start across the Rocky Mountains the only American entry, the **"THOMAS FLYER,"** which has far outstripped its rivals in the dash across the continent from sea to sea, a feat unparalleled along the line of long-distance endurance for man and machine.



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The entire work will be printed on imported hand-made paper of the highest grade, one part of the edition being Holland paper of a rich tone, and the other part on Japanese vellum, both papers selected with special reference to their enduring qualities.

In addition to the twenty volumes of text and its illustrations, there will be twenty portfolios, each consisting of thirty-six, or more, copper-plate photogravures, measuring 12 x 16 inches, on 18 x 22 sheets. The entire work will, therefore, contain a minimum total of twenty-two hundred and twenty plates illustrative of Indian subjects. No pains has been spared to produce in every detail an exceptional example of book-making.

The binding is three-quarter Levant, gold top, and the portfolios bound to match the book itself.

The general editorial supervision has been intrusted to Mr. Frederick Webb Hodge, ethnologist in the Smithsonian Institution and editor of the "American Anthropologist."

The series of volumes will comprise a descriptive and illustrative treatment of all the Indians of the United States and Alaska who still retain to a considerable degree their primitive customs and beliefs. Each volume will be complete in itself, inasmuch as it will treat of a tribe or a group of tribes quite independently of the others.

It is planned to publish three volumes a year until the work is completed. Delivery will be made as the volumes are issued; the entire set will be completed within seven years.

Volumes I and II are now being delivered. In January, 1909, Volumes III, IV and V will be ready for delivery.

Librarians and private book-buyers who are interested in this work should consider its acquisition at once, as it is anticipated that the coming few months will see that part of the edition which is being sold at the patrons' price exhausted, and after such part of the edition is sold the price on the remaining copies will be increased 20 per cent. It should be remembered that this is positively a limited edition, and when the subscription list is closed it will be impossible to secure it without buying from speculators at a great advance on the present price.

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